

# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

## WEEKLY JOURNAL

### A POPULAR PAPER

### FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

BRADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,  
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1871.

TERMS \$3.00 per Annum in advance.  
\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 65.

#### TRUE LOVE.

BY J. PLACETT.

I know thou hast told me to love thee no more,  
And hast turned thee in scorn quite away;  
But as well mightst thou bid yon great or not  
soot.

On his course as the ruler of day.

But even as long as I live must I love,  
For such is power as isle the wind;  
This passion, the heartless may rise far above;  
But I, no neophyte can find.

The vicious may change their strong love into hate,  
But purest love ever loves on;  
It may yearn, it may sigh, but it ne'er will abate;  
Till the last vital spark is all gone.

No hope may there be on this changeable sphere,  
Where but a broken faith is found;  
But heaven, the way of true love shall be clear,  
When the spirit is freed from the clay.

Then tell me no more that my love is in vain,  
For love is of heavenly birth;  
In heaven, fruition it surely will gain,  
Though it find it not while upon earth.

#### The Detective's Ward: OR, THE FORTUNES OF A BOWERY GIRL.

BY AGILE PENNE,

AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL, THE ORANGE GIRL,"  
ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE GIRL OF THE STREETS.

"Don't you dare to strike me!"

A girlish voice, high in anger and fierce  
in determination.

The scene, an underground drinking-salon known as "The Dive," situated on the Bowery, not a dozen blocks from Canal street, in the great city of New York; the time, night; the hour, twelve, and the actors in the scene—we will describe them.

In the center of the saloon, which was but a common basement, fitted up with a bar and a half a dozen small tables, stood a girl, about sixteen years of age. She was slight in figure, with a pale face, lit up by great black eyes, that now were flashing bright with angry fire. Great masses of silken hair, black as the diamonds of the Pennsylvania mines, and soft as the fleece of the merino, gathered in a simple knot at the back of her well-shaped head.

The face of the girl was white with passion; her bosom was heaving tumultuously, and the warm breath came quickly through the dilated nostrils. The full red lips, almost perfect in their beauty, were firmly shut together.

One passion alone swayed all her nature—anger!

Within a few feet of the girl stood the person to whom she had addressed her passionate warning. It was a man—an Italian, as one gifted in reading nationalities in the face would have guessed at once. The olive complexion, full black eyes, and crisp, curly hair of inky hue, told his race.

The Italian was a man of forty-five, dressed roughly, and an evil look lurked in the lines of his dark face.

Now, his swarthy features were convulsed with anger, and his hand was raised, as if to strike the girl to his feet.

Two persons alone, besides the girl and the Italian, were in the saloon. One a woman, an Italian like the man, who stood behind the bar, leaning her elbows on the counter, and gazing upon the angry pair in the center of the room, with an expression of careless unconcern upon her olive-tinted features. The other was a man of that peculiar class, common to the great metropolis, and whom the world places under the generic head of "rough."

This man was sitting on a corner of one of the tables, swinging his legs carelessly, and smoking a cigar. He was dressed in a flashy light suit; a heavy chain—looking remarkably like gold—although it wasn't—dangled over his vest. In his ruffled shirt-bosom gleamed a huge pin; had it been a diamond, a "cool" thousand dollars would not have bought it; but, as it was only an imitation, a ten-dollar bill had paid for it.

The rough had a coarse, brutal face—bulldog; that expresses it. A thick nose, broken evidently by some heavy blow; sinister-looking eyes, an ugly gray in color; coarse black hair, cropped tight to his head; a gigantic mustache, rusty black in hue, half-concealing the thick-lipped, sensual mouth, and you have the pen picture of Mr. Richard Hill, better known to his intimate friends—and the police—as Rocky Hill; a bony and a blackguard of the first water—a bright and shining light among the shoulder-biter-titers of Gotham.

"Why no strike you, eh?" angrily demanded the Italian, who was called Giacomo, and was the proprietor of the little den known as "The Dive." By long custom the Bowery boys had abbreviated the name of the saloon-keeper into "Rocky."

"Because if you do, it will be the worst blow you ever struck in all your life, you bet!" replied the girl defiantly.

"Better look out, Rocky; she's red-hot!" cried the rough, who was enjoying the display of temper, as he would have enjoyed a dog-fight or any thing else brutal.

"You one cussed beggar!" exclaimed the Italian, gesticulating wildly. "You no do vat I wish; *diavolo!* I will kill you dead!"

"I'm no beggar, Rocky!" returned the girl, in a passion. "I work hard for every crust of bread that you give me, you old miser! I won't be struck any more. I don't care what I do; the cops can take me as soon as they like; I'll give 'em something to take me for, too, if you go for to strike me again. I'm all black and blue now. I'd just as lief be dead as stop here with you. Who gave you the right to beat me? You

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



"All right, sonny; go ahead," Peters said, placing his foot upon the box.

ain't my father. I never had no father, and I don't care much."

"Oh! you imp of ze devil!" cried the Italian, in wrath. "I pick you out of ze mud-gutter, bring you up like a lady; give you beautiful clothes, and you no do as I tote you!"

"I ain't a-going to steal, for anybody!" cried the girl, quickly. "You dress me like a lady! beautiful clothes! This is a gay dress, *this is!*" And the girl surveyed the ragged gown that she wore, in contempt.

"See here, Rocky, I've always acted square with you! I never went back on you; I always give you fair, just what I sell. I never say that I lost some of my money, like the rest of the girls do. All I ask is decent treatment. I ain't a dog to be banged about. I wish I was a dog, sometimes; then I'd run away."

"Why don't you run away, now?" asked Rocky, with a leer upon his brutal face.

"Where could I run to?" cried the girl, desperately. "Wouldn't Rocky, here, run after me and bring me back? There's only one thing for me to do."

"What's that?" asked Rocky.

"Jump into the dock. I'd do it, too, if I wasn't such a coward. Maybe I will, soon, for I ain't a-going to stand such a life as this much longer," and the girl sighed heavily as she spoke.

"Oh, you are ze imp of ze devil!" cried the Italian. "Why no do as I tell you?"

"I won't be a thief for anybody!" cried the girl. "Ain't it bad enough for to make me tramp the streets all day and nearly all night, selling your mean shoe-strings, and hair-pins and buttons, without trying to make me do something that'll send me to the Tombs and up to the Island? Maybe it would be better for me to go there; I'd be out of your reach, anyway. But first and last I won't steal for you, nor nobody else!"

"Oh, you're a sweet one, you are!" exclaimed Rocky, in a tone expressive of the highest contempt. "Why don't you preach us a sermon, now? Why, we ought to go

right down on our blessed knees and worship such an angel as you are. Oh, my! ain't you cutting it fat, or nothing! You're giving us altogether too much pork for a shilling. Just think, Jockey, she's a-cutting up all this rumpus, 'cos I told her for to justly slip a bundle out of a woman's basket as she was a-follerin' on behind. Nobody would have, seen'd her; but she's a virtuous kid, I tell you!"

"Did I not tell you, you must do as Rocky say, eh?" cried the Italian, approaching the ragged girl, still seated on the counter. The girl did not shrink from him in the least.

"I told you that I wouldn't and I didn't!" she replied, defiantly, her face plainly showing the angry passions raging in her heart.

"That's so!" cried Rocky.

"You no mind me, beggar! eh?"

"No!"

Like angry tigers, the two glared at each other with flaming eyes—the muscular, swarthy-faced man of forty, and the slight, pale-faced girl of sixteen.

Rocky looked on in delight; the woman leaning on the counter—the wife of Jockey—with unconcern.

"Hi, hi!" ejaculated the rough, "why this is as good as a-the-a-ter; oncore, oncore, and he clapped his hands together in huge delight.

"You mud-gutter imp! did I not look out for you since you was a little child, so high as my knee? and now you no do what I want?" cried the Italian, foaming at the mouth with rage, and the big veins on his forehead and throat purple with angry blood.

"Oh, you've done a great deal for me, you have, you bet!" exclaimed the girl, contemptuously. "Ever since I could walk, I've worked all I knew how for you. I've earned every bit of bread that I've put in my mouth, twice over. And what have I ever got from you, except just enough to keep life in me? a gay life it has been, too!"

"Oh, you're a sweet one, you are!" exclaimed Rocky, in a tone expressive of the highest contempt. "Why don't you preach us a sermon, now? Why, we ought to go

that, and don't you dare to strike me again! I'll work for you; work as hard as I know how to; but, I won't steal for you. I don't know much, but I do know that it ain't right, and I won't do it."

"You no do it, eh?"

"No, I won't, Jockey; it's played out!" cried the girl, firmly.

The child of the streets used the language of the class who had surrounded her from childhood. It was more forcible than elegant.

"*Diavolo!* I kill you, some!" exclaimed the Italian, making a terrible blow at her, that had fallen on the girl, would surely have felled her senseless to the floor. But the street life of the orphan had made her as quick as a cat. Anticipating the blow, she dodged under the arm of the Italian, and as he was carried past her by the force of his blow, she turned quickly and struck him with all the force of her clenched fist.

The blow took the Italian just under the right ear and sent him reeling across the room, despite his size and weight.

Nerved as she was to desperation, the girl's strength was doubled.

"Bully for you!" yelled Rocky, in glee. "Round first! the old 'un gets a hot 'un under the ear. Round two, come to scratch, Jockey; time!"

The Italian staggered across the room, impelled by the violence of the blow he had received from the determined arm of the girl, until he brought him up against the wall; that alone prevented him from falling.

Half stunned by the blow, for it had lighted on a tender spot, Jockey felt of his neck in wonder. He could hardly realize that the slight figure of the girl could command strength enough to deal such a stroke.

"*Diavolo!*" the Italian cried, in rage.

"Time!" yelled Rocky, in glee; "come up smiling, Jockey, or I'll throw up the sponge!"

Then the Italian seemed suddenly to understand what had happened. He drew a long, glittering knife from his bosom, and darted toward the girl.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

In the handsomely furnished parlor of a brown-stone front mansion on East Thirty-first street sat two men; one, old, the other, young.

The old man was short and thick-set in build. His face was a peculiar one; the skin was yellow and tightly drawn over the bones; the eyes, gray in color, and sharp as the orbs of a hawk, were never still, but restlessly roamed from object to object; a thick mass of stubby, iron-gray hair crowned the head; the face was smoothly shaven.

The old man was called Obadiah Ollkoff, a retired merchant, whose name on "Change" was once good for a hundred thousand dollars.

What the retired merchant was really worth was, probably, known only to himself alone; yet the world guessed that, by sagacious calculation and prudent investment, the ex-merchant had so increased the wealth made in trade that he could write his check for two hundred thousand dollars, at the least, and have it honored.

The young man, who sat before the merchant, and by the look upon his face reminded one of a criminal waiting for the judge's sentence, was nephew to Obadiah, and called Algernon Ollkoff.

The young man was about twenty-five years old. In his face he bore no resemblance whatever to his uncle. His features were weak and unimpressive. In a crowd no one would have taken him for a hero. His blue eyes lacked fire; the scanty yellow mustache, struggling for existence on his upper lip, seemed like a type of the character of its owner—feeble and uncertain.

One point Mr. Algernon Ollkoff had in his favor. He was superbly dressed. The skill of his tailor was plainly evident in the clothes that adorned his person. The "cut" could not be excelled; it was perfection itself.

"You sent for me, sir?" the nephew asked, in a tone wherein abasement and fear were blended. It was evident that the young man had just entered the room.

"Yes, sir," replied the old man, sharply. The contrast between the languid tones of the nephew and the sharp, metallic voice of the uncle was great.

"What is it, sir?" Algernon asked, and from his manner one could easily guess that he felt very far from being comfortable.

"How much do you owe?" asked the old man, abruptly.

"Owe, sir?" stammered Algernon, in confusion.

"Yes, sir; didn't I speak plain enough? How much do you owe?"

"I—I really don't know," the young man muttered, in utter confusion.

"Oh! there was a great deal of meaning in the simple exclamation, so dryly uttered, and Algernon trembled in his gorgeous patent-leathers as he heard it.

"You owe so much, I suppose, that you can't carry the figures in your head. Hadn't you better have a clerk to assist you in ascertaining the amount?" the uncle continued, sarcastically.

"Oh, sir, it's not that," Algernon muttered in haste.

"Then the debt is so small that you don't trouble your head about it, eh?"

"Well, I—really—" and the nephew paused in sad embarrassment.

"Ah, perhaps you wonder why I should put such a question to you, and how I come to have any information on the subject. I received a slight bill of yours this morning; your tailor's bill," and as he spoke, the old man drew an envelope from his pocket; opening it he produced the bill. "Your tailor must be like the Irishman's snipe-bill," and the uncle chuckled, dryly, as he spoke.

"You owe him the modest sum of two hundred and ten dollars. That is for your spring outfit, I suppose. When I was your age, sir, fifty dollars a year would have been an extravagant sum for me to have paid for clothing. But I worked hard and earned my money—you understand, *earned my money*," and he shook his finger, expressively, in his nephew's face.

"I didn't have any rich uncle to foot my bills for me. This tailor of yours sent this bill in an envelope addressed to me. Of course, I understand. He looked in the directory, found my name—same residence naturally thought that I was your father. Hadn't an idea, of course, that I was only your uncle. Now, then, what are you going to do about this bill?"

"I don't know," Algernon stammered, in blank dismay.

"How many times already have I paid your debts?" asked the old man, suddenly.

"Really, sir, I—" and again the hopeful nephew broke down.

"Three different times, sir!" exclaimed the uncle. "You see I remember, if you do not. I suppose you think I will pay them again, eh?"

"It is almost too much to expect, sir," began Algernon, but the uncle cut him short.

"But you do expect it!" he cried. "You will not be deceived. I shall pay your debts once more."

The face of Algernon brightened up.

"But, it is for the last time."

Algernon looked astonished.

"I sent for you that we might have a little serious conversation together," the old man said, gravely. "You know I am thought to be wealthy?"

"Yes,

"Now, don't be gushing, young man; it don't become you. You have no idea how much you resemble a dying calf when you try to be sentimental," interrupted the old man.

Algernon subsided.

"As I said before, you expected to become my heir. I deem it my duty to tell you that there is not the slightest possibility of such an event happening."

Algernon looked at his uncle in blank amazement. His brain was bewildered. For the life of him he couldn't understand what his uncle meant.

"You are silent—you don't understand, of course. It's natural; how could you be expected to understand?" the uncle exclaimed. "But, I'll make it all plain to you. As I said before, I'll pay these debts of yours; perhaps give you a few hundred dollars to help you on in the world; but, after that, expect no further assistance from me. Of course you are welcome to a home in my house as long as I live, for you are my brother's child; but money assistance, no. Possibly, you wish to know the reason of this sudden determination?"

"Yes, sir; if you do not object," replied Algernon, timidly. It was a riddle he could not solve.

"The reason is that I think it my duty to preserve my property for my heir," said the old man, gravely.

"Your heir, sir?" exclaimed the young man, opening his eyes wide in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, my heir," replied the uncle, firmly.

"But I always understood, sir, that I was the only relative that you had in the world." The mind of the young man was in a fog.

"Exactly; and I have no doubt that it will greatly surprise you when you hear that I expect the arrival of my daughter, daily."

"Your daughter!" cried the nephew, in blank amazement.

"Yes, sir, my daughter." The old man was enjoying the surprise of the nephew.

"But, sir, I never knew that you had a daughter," Algernon said, utterly confounded.

"Very likely; but I have a daughter, nevertheless, as you shall see with your own eyes before you are many days older," Obadiah said, dryly.

"But, uncle, I never knew that you had been married. I never heard you speak of it."

"Ah, yes; one forgets those little things, once in a while, you know," and again the dry chuckle was in the voice of the old man.

Algernon felt the blow severely. All his life he had looked forward to being his uncle's heir. He had never dreamed of the possibility of any one snatching his inheritance from him. But now, the golden dream had vanished, and black despair stared him in the face.

"I have acquainted you with this knowledge, that you might prepare to fight the world on your own hook. As I said before, you can always have a home here, but no more," the old man said, finding that Algernon did not reply.

"I am very much obliged for that, sir," replied the nephew, dreamily. And as he spoke he rose as if to leave the room.

"Oh, by the way!" exclaimed the uncle, in his sharp, restless way. "I've got something else to say to you; wait a minute."

"Yes, sir."

For a moment the old man gazed at the floor, and stroked his face thoughtfully.

"It's about Miss Blake," the uncle said, suddenly.

The young man started and seemed confused.

"I have noticed that you and Miss Blake seem to be very fond of each other's society. I have never spoken about Miss Blake to you before, but I will now. Her father was a sea-captain in my employ. He died abroad in the Chinese seas, murdered by pirates while protecting my ship and goods from the villains. He gave up his life, like the good and honest man that he was, to protect his employer's interest. He left a wife and child. I couldn't go to that widowed woman and helpless little one, and say: 'Here's a thousand dollars—or more; your support, all, died for me; let that pay for him.' No; gold can't supply the loss of a husband and a father. I did the best I could. I took Mrs. Blake and her child into my family, which consisted of myself, solely. Mrs. Blake took the whole charge of my household. When she died, her daughter took her place. I look upon that daughter as being almost as dear to me as my own child. Therefore, sir, no nonsense with that girl. She's too good for you—not your style at all. She wants a man for a husband; you've been very little better than a tailor's sign all your life. You understand! no nonsense."

"No, sir," and Algernon left the room, anger and despair swelling in his heart.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ON THE SCENT.

On the corner of Canal street and the Bowery stood a man plainly dressed in dark clothes. He was a smallish, stoutly-built fellow, with short, curly hair of a yellow tint, and a cool, clear gray eye.

The man was whistling softly to himself as he waited on the corner; for waiting for some one he evidently was. Not a man, woman or child passed by him and escaped the notice of the shrewd gray eyes.

"Well, he's precious long," he muttered, impatiently. "I wonder if he's hit off the scent? Perhaps he's been more lucky than I have. Finding a needle in a bundle of hay is a fool to this job. But I won't say 'die' yet. We may get the clue, just by accident. This is the third day we've been at it. A bond-rober couldn't give more trouble!"

Again the detective—for the man waiting on the corner was the celebrated detective, John Peters, reputed to be one of the keenest detectives in the country—commenced to whistle.

Then a man came up the Bowery, crossed Canal street, and approached the detective.

The new-comer was a tall, lank person, with short yellow hair, and a rough-looking, honest face, wherein was an expression of great simplicity. One would have guessed him to be some countryman fresh from the rural districts. And yet this seemingly guileless youth was Peters' partner, Henry Henry, more commonly called Hank Henry—a detective officer with a reputation second to none other in the country.

"What luck, Hank?" asked Peters, as the other approached.

"None," the officer replied. One peculiarity about the countryfied detective was that he seldom used many words. His speech was laconic and terse to a degree.

"By thunder! the luck is against us!" Peters exclaimed.

"Have you failed, too?"

"Yes; I couldn't discover any trace of the girl."

"What's the programme now?"

"Well, I hardly know. I think we have examined every saloon on the Bowery from Division street to Canal."

"I think we have," Hank rejoined.

"The clue is such a faulty one. The party forgot the name of the saloon and the exact location, but, as near as he could remember the direction, it was on the Bowery, near Canal street."

"Perhaps it's above Canal street," Hank observed.

"Maybe so, partner," Peters replied, "tomorrow we'll give our attention to all the saloons above here. The party is willing to come down handsomely, and we'll stick to it while there's a hope left of discovering the person."

"You've got the description?"

"Yes, all correct."

"Peters, I've got an idea!" cried Hank, suddenly.

"What is it?"

"This party we're after is in the street a good deal. She ought to be known to the bootblacks, newsboys, etc. S'pose we pump them; we might tumble onto the girl, just by accident."

"That's a good idea, Hank!" cried Peters;

"we'll try it on right away. Let's look at the description."

Then the detective took a memorandum-book from his pocket, opened it, and read aloud:

"'Girl about fifteen or sixteen; jet-black eyes and hair; hair worn in a knot behind. Rather tall, slender figure. Complexion fair. Peculiar hands; long, slender fingers. Poorly dressed. Deep, musical voice. Face rather pretty and ladylike; looks above her station. Sells small articles on the Bowery. Lives in a basement saloon on the Bowery, above Canal street. Mem—Doubtabout being above Canal street—may be below.'

"There, that's the description, and all the particulars known about the girl. It's getting late, but as we're like the birds we hunt down—owly in our ways—it don't make much difference. The first boy we see we'll go for."

And even as the detective spoke, a shrill voice at the side cried out:

"Black ya boots, sir?—shine 'em up nice only five cents!"

The detective looked down and beheld a wee little fellow, dressed in a ragged suit, with a coat much too big for him, that hung from his neck to his heels. A round, almost shapeless hat covered his head. From under the hat came tangled, curly masses of bright red hair. Keen little blue eyes, as bright as the eyes of a rat, peered out from amid the elfish curls that clustered on his forehead. His face was ornamented with streaks of dirt that almost hid the true color of the skin. For such a little urchin, the boy had an enormous mouth. He seemed a happy, contented little beggar, for his thin face was bright with a cheerful smile, and his shrewd eyes twinkled like two tiny stars as he looked up into the face of the detective.

"'Jes' lemme black 'em, boss; make 'em shine, now, so you kin see yer face in 'em' the boy urged, as he unslung his box from his shoulder and planted it persuasively by the foot of Peters.

"All right, sonny; go ahead," Peters said, placing his foot upon the box.

The boy unpacked his kit and proceeded to operate on the boot.

"What's your name, bub?" the detective asked.

"Shrimpy, eh?" the boy answered, rubbing away industriously at the boot.

"Shrimpy, eh? Why, that's a queer name."

"Yes, boss; I 'spect I was called 'tcos I'm a little cuss," said the boy, cheerfully.

"Where do you live?"

"Round in spots."

"No particular home, eh?"

"No; I jes' lay 'round loose."

"Do you travel on the Bowery, here?"

"Yes, this is my stampin' ground," the boy replied.

"Doing pretty well, now?"

"Only muddin'; times ain't wot they used to be; bis' is dull," and as he talked he worked away industriously on the boot.

"I suppose you know all the rounders that travel on the Bowery?"

"Well, I guess I do," the boy replied, confidently.

"Do you know a girl about sixteen, black hair and eyes, who sells little things, like shoestrings and buttons, on the Bowery?" the detective asked, carelessly.

The boy paused in his work and cast a shrewd glance in the face of the man.

"Wot do you want to know fur?"

"Oh, only for fun," Peters replied.

"Well, I don't know any gal like that," the boy said, slowly, and he commenced operations on the other boot.

"My young friend, did you ever go to school?" asked the detective, quietly.

"Yes; an' I was glad to git out, 'cos it was dull to hear the cove up in the box a-takin'," the boy replied, truthfully.

"Then you don't know what will happen to you if you tell a lie."

"Yes I do," replied Shrimpy, quickly.

"Oh, you do?"

"You bet! I told a lie 'bout a fellar once, an' he cotched me and walloped me, 'cos he was bigger nor I was, an' I didn't have no show for to get hunky with him."

"You lied to me just now, when you said you didn't know the girl I asked about," Peters said, sternly.

"Well, he's precious long," he muttered, impatiently. "I wonder if he's hit off the scent? Perhaps he's been more lucky than I have. Finding a needle in a bundle of hay is a fool to this job. But I won't say 'die' yet. We may get the clue, just by accident. This is the third day we've been at it. A bond-rober couldn't give more trouble!"

Again the detective—for the man waiting on the corner was the celebrated detective, John Peters, reputed to be one of the keenest detectives in the country—commenced to whistle.

Then a man came up the Bowery, crossed Canal street, and approached the detective.

The new-comer was a tall, lank person, with short yellow hair, and a rough-looking, honest face, wherein was an expression of great simplicity. One would have guessed him to be some countryman fresh from the rural districts. And yet this seemingly guileless youth was Peters' partner, Henry Henry, more commonly called Hank Henry—a detective officer with a reputation second to none other in the country.

"What luck, Hank?" asked Peters, as the other approached.

"None," the officer replied. One peculiarity about the countryfied detective was that he seldom used many words. His speech was laconic and terse to a degree.

"That's Lill!" the boy said, when Peters had finished.

"Lill?"

"Yes; the 'Bowery gal'; that's wot everybody calls her. She's a reg'lar stunner, she is!" cried Shrimpy, enthusiastically.

"You know where she lives?" said Peters, eagerly.

"Yes; she lives with Jocky, down in the Dive."

"How far from here is that?"

"Only a little way; I'll take you right there, if you wants me to," replied the boy, giving the boot the finishing touches.

"I'll give you a twenty-five cent stamp for your trouble if you will," Peters said.

"I'm very much 'bliged' to you, 'cos I want to raise stamps enough for to git me a spring suit," replied the boy, with a glance at his ragged coat. "But I say, you ain't a-comin' any gum-game, is you?" the boy asked, rising to his feet, with a look of distrust upon his sharp features.

"No; that's honest, I don't mean the girl any ill."

"Cos I wouldn't go back on a feller I know; 'taint square," Shrimpy said, with a wise shake of the head.

"You're a little man; but go on," the detective remarked.

"Five minutes' walk, and the three descended the steps that led into the saloon known as 'The Dive.' (To be continued.)

shrubbery, Captain Estevan, Lieutenant Cadova, and another Spaniard, who wore on his shoulders the golden mark of an officer, advanced into the little glade.

The three friends returned the salute of the Spanish officers.

"Ensign Santana," said Cadova, introducing the strange officer, who carried under his arm a parrel like in shape to the one that Garcia bore.

Estevan remained at the edge of the glade while the other two advanced to meet Garcia and Andrews, and arrange the details of the duel. Rupert walked toward the forest and leaned carelessly against a tree-trunk.

"We are a little in advance of time, but I suppose that will be no objection. We may as well proceed with the affair at once. My principal is anxious to return to the city as soon as possible. He has an engagement with a lady this evening," Cadova said, arrogantly.

The three friends understood the object of Estevan's second in an instant. He wished to irritate Rupert, and so, by anger, unsteady his hand.

"You've forgot one thing!" exclaimed Andrews, suddenly.

"Indeed?" said the Spaniard, looking around him in astonishment, "what is it?"

"A litter to carry your Spanish captain home on; he'll never be able to walk," the Yankee said, coolly. "Besides, you ought to have two more seconds here; two of you will never be able to hold him and keep him from running away."

The face of Estevan flushed scarlet and an angry oath came from his lips at the taunt. Cadova did not reply to the Yankee's words. He felt that he had got more than he had bargained for; but, as he had brought it upon himself, he could not well complain.

"Enough, senor; let us to business," the lieutenant said, curtly. "I see that you are provided with swords. Will you use your own here?"

"We will open the parcels and examine both; then decide," Garcia replied.

The wrappings were removed from the shining blades. There was no perceptible difference in the swords. They decided to use the weapons that Garcia had brought.

"Now, senor, what are the conditions of the fight?" asked Cadova.

the sailor replied, coldly. "I think that it is better that the affair should be settled here at once, than postponed. Your son will again attempt my life, like the cowardly assassin that he is, and the consequence will be that I shall kill him in the open street, without giving him a chance for his life. Here, at least, if he falls, he will die like a soldier, and not like a villainous cut-throat."

"Father, again I ask you to retire and leave us to settle our quarrel in our own way!" cried Estevan, stung to the quick by the contemptuous words of the American. "We have had enough of words; let our words speak."

"You will not listen to reason, then!" exclaimed the commandante, his face pale as the face of the dead.

"His death or mine," replied Estevan, implacable hatred in his face as he looked with lowering eyes upon his foe. Rupert returned the glance with a contemptuous smile.

"Since you will not heed my words, I will use force!" exclaimed the commandante, sternly.

All the actors in this strange scene looked upon the stern face of the aged soldier in astonishment.

"Advance!" cried the commandante.

Then into the glade, from the shelter of the wood on all sides, stepped the Spanish soldiers with leveled muskets. The dueling party in the center of the glade were completely surrounded.

"Treachery!" cried Rupert between his clenched teeth, as he looked upon the shining barrels leveled upon him.

"What else from these cowardly curs?" exclaimed Andrews, who had thrust his hand inside his jacket and grasped a loaded pistol, which he carried, concealed there. But a moment's thought convinced him that resistance was folly in the face of overwhelming numbers.

"You are all my prisoners, gentlemen; throw down your arms!" cried the commandante. "Captain Estevan, Lieutenant Cadova and Ensign Santana, you will consider yourselves under arrest. Give up your swords. I have tried to reason with you, gentlemen, and failed. I find that force only can succeed."

Reluctantly the prisoners, for they were such indeed, obeyed.

"I told you I feared treachery," muttered Andrews in Rupert's ear. "We've run into a rat-trap here."

"Courage; all will yet be well," Rupert replied.

"Father, you have disgraced me forever!" cried Estevan, in anger.

"And you broke the word you gave to me. Had I not been misinformed regarding the time of meeting, I would have sprung this mine upon you, ere you could have struck a single blow, señor," and the commandante turned to Rupert as he spoke.

"If you will give me your parole not to attempt to escape, I will spare you the pain of being marched through the city between a file of soldiers."

"No, señor, I will not give you that pledge," Rupert replied, firmly.

"You will not?"

"No; you have taken advantage of your official position as Commandante of Pensacola to interfere in a private quarrel. You arrest me simply to save your son from the punishment that he so richly deserves. Guard me well, for, if chance places within my reach the means of escape, be assured that I shall not hesitate to avail myself of them," Rupert said, with dignity in his bearing.

For a moment the aged soldier looked upon him without replying.

"Well, be it as you wish, señor," he said, at length. "Sergeant," and he turned to the soldier in command of the squad, "keep close watch upon the prisoner. Seniors, you are free" he addressed the remark to Garcia and Andrews, much to their astonishment.

"Commandante, I question your right to detain me!" Rupert said, with cold disdain. I am a citizen of the Republic of the United States; have committed no crime against the laws of Spain. With what offense am I charged that you dare to restrain me of my liberty?"

"A citizen of the United States?" questioned the Spanish officer, a peculiar smile upon his face.

"Yes," Rupert answered, firmly.

"The Government of Spain offers a reward of a thousand gold pieces for the head of a certain man known as Lafitte, and by many called 'The Terror of the Gulf'."

"What has that to do with me?" questioned Rupert.

"Nothing, only that you are my prisoner," replied the Spaniard.

"Do you think that I am Lafitte?" asked the sailor.

Gradually the soldiers had gathered near the two, forming a circle around them. Andrews had profited by the interest excited by the passage of words between the commandante and Rupert, to gradually edge out of the circle of soldiers, and little by little, to make his way to the wood. This movement he executed without notice, and, once near the cover of the timber, with a step as light as the footfall of the deer, he disappeared within the thicket.

"I do not choose to say what I think," replied the Spaniard. "You forget your position, señor; you are the prisoner, I am the judge. It is my place to question, yours to answer. Seniors," and he turned to the two officers who stood together with folded arms and gloomy brows, "give me your promise not to proceed further in this quarrel, and I will release you from arrest. You must be aware, señores, that there is an edict by our gracious king against the practice of dueling by the officers in the Spanish service."

The officers gave the required promise.

Looking around, the commandante noticed the disappearance of the stalwart Yankee.

"So, your friend has sought safety in flight? If he is an *honest* man, what does he fear?"

"The treachery that seems inseparable from your race," replied Rupert, haughtily.

The commandante bit his lips. The shot struck home.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### LAFITTE, THE PIRATE.

CLOSELY guarded between the two Spanish soldiers, Rupert was conveyed away from the glade. Estevan followed sullenly, in the rear of the party, in company with Cadova and Santana. The lieutenant told the young man of his unlucky meeting with the commandante, and how he had fallen into the trap that the words of the aged officer had made, and revealed to him the full particulars regarding the duel.

Hardly had the party left the little glade,

while the noise of their footsteps still rung through the dim aisles of the forest, when, from a clump of bushes that grew on the edge of the little opening, rose the tall figure of the old Indian chief, who bore on his breast the strange blazon of a winged whale.

With noiseless step the Indian stole into the center of the glade and listened for a moment to the sounds of the footsteps fast dying away in the distance. Then he turned to the north and beckoned as if inviting some one to come forth from the forest.

The chief stood in the center of the glade motionless.

"Let my white brother come forth; the eye of the red chief is as keen as the eye of the hawk. He sees the white-skin where he hides among the leaves. The red warrior is a friend," the Indian said, gravely.

Then from the bushes that had concealed him, Andrews rose and advanced into the glade, an expression of wonder upon his shrewd face.

"You must have regular gimlet eyes," the Yankee exclaimed.

"The chief's eyes sharp—see much."

"That's so, by hooky!" Andrews said.

"My white brother is a friend to a red-white-man?" and the chief pointed after Rupert.

"Well, I guess I am. I'd do almost any thing to get him out of this pesky scrape."

"Red-man friend to young white brave; help him get out, maybe."

"Injun, you're a bric!" cried Andrews, warmly. "I'm with you in any speculation of that kind; stick to you tighter than a sick kitten to a hot fireplace!"

"The Snake-with-three-tails is a great chief of the Chickasaw nation," said the Indian, proudly.

"What a name to lug around," murmured Andrews, in wonder.

"Let white-skin come with red-man—follow the long-rifles through the forest, like the wolves follow the deer. Not fight much but think a good deal."

"Go ahead, chief!" cried Andrews.

Cautiously through the thicket the strange allies proceeded. Carefully they tracked the Spaniards and their prisoner until they entered the town.

The appearance of the soldiers with their prisoner in the streets of Pensacola created no little excitement, which was not in the least diminished when it was whispered around that the American stranger who had called himself Rupert Vane was, in reality, the dreaded pirate, Lafitte, the terror of the gulf.

The prisoner was conveyed to the guardhouse attached to the fort, and there placed in a chamber on the ground floor, whose heavily barred window seemed to forbid all thought of escape.

A sentry kept watch without the only door that had given entrance to the room.

No word had passed between Rupert and his captors since they had left the little glade that had witnessed his capture. Silently the sailor had entered his prison door, silently beheld it close upon him, shutting out the bright world and the freedom that he had loved so well.

The sun went down, and the evening came.

As the twilight deepened, a soldier entered the room of the prisoner, bringing in his supper. The soldier grinned knowingly as he placed the coarse food before the captive. Rupert saw that the man was the ruffian who had attempted his life in the forest—Toussaint Vasca.

"How are you, comrade?" cried the soldier, bluntly. "They've clipped your wings at last, haven't they? I little thought when I had the tussle with you in the forest that you were Lafitte."

In spite of the danger of his position, Rupert laughed.

"So you would not have troubled me if you had known that I was the pirate, eh?"

"No, by the Saints! I have too much respect for such a noble profession!" Roque cried.

"On the principle that dog won't eat dog?"

"Exactly! I wish that my wine may be my poison, if I would lift a finger against you, if I had only known who you was. But you're all right; they can't keep you here."

"Can't they?" The sailor wondered what was to aid him in his desperate strait.

"No, of course not! You know?" said Roque, mysteriously, approaching Rupert as he spoke, and glancing around him nervously, "that he'll come when you call him, and take you out of this, though the walls were fifty times stronger than they are, and all the Spanish army guarded the prison instead of a single battalion!" cried Roque, in a cautious tone.

"And if I refuse to accede to one or all of these three conditions?" Rupert asked.

"One fate alone: death!"

"Didnt you raise the very fiend himself the bayou? That's sufficient to convince me."

The sound of footsteps approaching the door made the soldier beat a hasty retreat. As he opened the door, he found himself face to face with the commandante, who bore a small lantern in his hand, for the entryway and the room of the prisoner were growing darker and darker each instant, as the twilight deepened into the gloom of night.

"Carrying the prisoner his supper," said Roque, saluting, and discreetly retiring. The commandante closed the door after the soldier, carefully, placed the lantern upon the rude table, and then looked long and earnestly into the face of Rupert.

The sailor waited for the Spaniard to speak.

"How like! how like!" the aged officer murmured, lowly. Even the quick ear of the sailor did not catch the meaning of the muttered exclamation.

"I suppose you wonder at my visit," the commandante said at length, slowly.

"No; I wait to hear its purpose."

"You realize that you are fully in my power?"

"For the present, yes; for the future, no."

"You have hope, then, that you will escape?"

"When I die, hope will die, too; not till then."

"You are aware that your life is forfeit to the laws. Were I to order out a file of soldiers, and have you shot on the instant, no human power could punish me for the act. I am supreme in command, here in Pensacola. You are an outlaw; a price is upon your head. The death of Lafitte would be hailed by the world with joy."

"Why do you visit a helpless prisoner in his dungeon to tell him of his doom?" the sailor asked, scornfully.

"Is it because you wish to boast over your triumph? You say that no earthly power can punish you for my death. You are wrong. On the blue waters rides a staunch brigantine that flies my flag at its peak. On her deck a hundred brave men—not one of whom but would willingly face a sea of fire to avenge the death of the leader who so often has led them on to victory. Improve the chance that fortune has placed within your grip; call out your file of soldiers, let their bullets pierce my heart, and give my body to its last resting-place; within four and twenty hours after, Pensacola, no more a city, but a heap of smoking ruins, will attest the vengeance of the men who called Red Rupert their captain, and will not rest easy until they have avenged his murder."

There was silence in the prison-cell for a moment after the sailor's bold speech.

"You love my ward, Isabel?" the commandante questioned, at length.

"Yes," Rupert replied, fearlessly.

"Listen to me; I will free you from this place on three conditions," the Spaniard said, slowly.

"And what are the three conditions?" Rupert asked.

"Will you not consent without knowing the conditions? Surely life is worth all else in the world."

"We trifle with time; speak out or leave me!" cried the sailor, impatiently. "I will make no blindfold bargain."

"Be it so. The first condition is that you will not seek the life of my son, Captain Estevan."

"That I can readily agree to," said Rupert, scornfully. "He offend me; I will return his mark upon him that he will carry to his dying day. He will never look in the glass without remembering the day when he met Red Rupert, sword in hand, in the forest glade."

"The second condition is that you will give up all thoughts of Isabel Marina."

"Give up Isabel!" cried the sailor, starting, while the hot blood leaped into his face.

"Yes, give her up forever; never think more of her."

"And if I refuse?"

"Death is your fate."

"The third condition?"

"That you leave the city of Pensacola at once and never again set foot within its walls. The world is wide. This city is not the garden spot of all the world. The condition is an easy one," the Spaniard said, gravely.

"And if I refuse to accede to one or all of these three conditions?" Rupert asked.

"One fate alone: death!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 57.)

#### In the Web:

##### THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS.

A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EDWIN SOUTH.

##### CHAPTER XII.

IN A DISTANT LAND.

THREE months have elapsed since the occurrence of the incidents recorded in our previous chapter. A warm May day is drawing to a close. During the early morning hours the rain fell in great cool drops upon the parched roofs and in the dusty streets of Vera Cruz, but, about noon, the clouds rolled away to the eastward and the sun blazed out again, turning the whitish mud of the narrow streets into dust, and causing the pedestrians to seek the shady sides of the streets to avoid its fierce beams.

Now, however, the heat is less oppressive, and the shadows of the houses are growing long and reaching far. At one end of a long Plaza stands an old man, dressed in the garb of a citizen of the United States. He is weary and travel-stained, and his long white hair falls upon his neck, and straggles in tangled skeins over his shoulders. As we look at him closely we notice there is something familiar about his face, and now, when he lifts up his palm-leaf hat and shades his eyes as he gazes toward the setting sun, we catch a better view of his sun-browned features, and recognize, at once, Robert Maynard.

He has searched all over Tampico; has haunted the most sacred precincts of the capital of Mexico, has walked miles upon miles by day and by night, until now he is full of disappointment and despair. His funds are low. He can not follow the almost indistinct trail much further. He is growing anxious about his home and the poor, half-crazed wife, who, away off by the green shore of the Cumberland, awaits, in pain and tears, his coming.

"I can't go further," he exclaimed. "My heart and feet both fail me, and, but for my poor, loving Sybil, I could lay down in this strange land and dream the dream of death and forgetfulness. Oh! if I could

but forget—if I could refuse to think, even for an hour—what a relief it would be; what joy it would give me!"

The tears were creeping into the corners of his deep-blue eyes; but, dashing them away, he looked upward and repeated: "My trust is in Thee, oh, my God; you will not forsake a miserable wretch like me in my sorest need!"

Having said this, he bent his steps toward a church, which stood upon an elevation close by, intending to go in and join the worshippers.

## SATURDAY JOURNAL

## THE Saturday Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1871.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

One copy, four months	\$1.00
one year	3.00
Two copies, one year	5.00

In all cases for subscriptions be careful to give address in full. State, County and Post-office. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.

Sold by agents in cities, with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so those wishing for special stories can have them.

For all communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 95 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Another Old Love-Letter.

DEAR WASHY: I take my pen in both hands to write you an answer to the last letter which I never received from you. It is too pleasant to stay in the house, so I am writing this out in the gourd arbor, which is hanging full of those favorite fruit; but I am nearly annoyed to death by those abominable musketeers—there! I meant to say abominable musketeers.

Dear Washy, I never forget you. I will long remember that nose—it is long to be remembered, anyway. Do you remember what times we used to have reading together under this same arbor? I think we used to read in the spelling-book, and you were the best speller, too, that I ever saw, for you could spell a word just any way you wanted to; and you can do the same yet as well as anybody else, can't you, love? Indeed, you can! I often think what a great man you used to say you were going to strive to be, and how poetically you used to speculate on the future, and how tenderly you used to suck eggs. Dear love, I often told you that you would some day get choked with chickens in the shell, and don't you remember you came near it once? You ought to, if you don't.

And, talking of poetical things, have you forgotten those beautiful verses you once wrote about me, and sent to the newspaper, which didn't print them?

TO S.—J.—

Dear Sarah Jane, I love you well, More than any tongue can tell. A barrel of lies-verses are powerless My heart's affectionate express. Much as I please, I filled out, thick, Striped candy by the stick. Is not so sweet by a ton or two As you are, my darling—you, you, you!

Some day, sweet one, we'll be married. Oh, won't it be a blest day for we! To wed each other we both have sworn; I'll keep my promise if you'll keep yours.

That's the first poetry you ever wrote. Father burnt the copy up which you gave me, but I have read them over so much, and heard you repeat them so often, that I almost know them by heart.

That picture which you sent lately looks very much like you used to look; but, dear, is it fashionable to wear a plug hat draped in, and without any crown to speak of? I don't know much about city styles, but is it fashionable to wear coats which have taken holey orders? The ears are exceedingly natural, and those lips are very sweet, for I put the picture on the window sill, and they drew bees—and flies. I kissed them the other day, and they drew a blister on my own lip.

There, the pigs have got out of the pen, and are just going for the cabbages. You used to be so fond of them—the cabbages, not the pigs! I am fond of cabbages myself, not particularly because they remind me of your head whenever I look at them, but because they make such nice kraut. I could not possibly leave off writing this letter, even to chase the pigs out of the garden; so I'll let them stay.

Oh, how we used to wander down by the brook side, hand in hand, you squeezing my fingers, and making me say, "Oh dear Washy!" all the time, and see the little billy frogs hop off the bank. There! just as I sighted I swallowed a large gnat, and I wasn't hungry for gnats, either. Oh, just think what I suffer for you!

The unselfish woman whose thoughts of this life are for those poorer than herself, and who seeks them out, trying to cast aside the brambles, and make life more strown with roses.

The thoughtful, kindly soul who will stop on his way down-town to lift up a little fellow who has fallen, assists the woman who carries a heavy basket, buys a few matches of a little street peddler, stoops to pick up the cent a poor child has dropped in the crevices of the sidewalk, greets his clerks with a cheery "good-morning," and doesn't forget to order those things his wife requested him to.

The person who, when you are sick, won't ask you a thousand times if you are feeling better; won't slam the doors or drop the flour-board just as you are falling asleep; won't put a peck of salt pork and onions under your nose, or make himself or herself disagreeable in any other of the ways aforementioned. When we are sick we desire quietness; and a person who is a quiet attendant on an individual is an earthly angel.

And my closing earthly angel is the being who won't continually drum in my ears that I ought to do this, and ought to do that; and, if I do happen to smile on Sunday, won't think me past all redemption. I can't help smiling when I hear such remarks. But I am far from being an earthly angel, I fear.

EVE LAWLESS.

ter since we first saw them, some eighteen years ago. Then it was almost dangerous to walk through that locality, even in the broad glare of the daylight, particularly if the walker was decently dressed. Now there is little danger, even after dark.

Crime still exists there, but it does not flaunt openly in the light as it did years ago; it lurks concealed within the wretched tenements.

Crime is an ulcer on our "body politic," which almost defies a cure. If we apply measures to prevent its spreading on the surface, we drive it into the interior. If we check it in one direction, it spreads in another.

Occasionally a "sensation" reporter, eager for an item, will dive into dens, where men and women are corralled like sheep, and will tell through the columns of the daily newspaper what he has seen.

Then comes a general howl of disbelief. "Such things can not exist in our great metropolis, where thousands are saved yearly in the sweet name of charity!" declares the unbeliever, who forthwith stamps the recital as one devised to sell the newspaper.

But it is truth—sober, honest truth, unpalatable as it may be.

The reporter has used his eyes, and has rather faintly tinted than over-colored the picture.

Let those who doubt walk through Baxter street from Center Market to Chatham street. Eye and ear alike will bear witness that the "sensation" article is true.

In some of the tenements, which are dignified by the name of lodging-houses, men, women and children occupy beds in one apartment. The price of the "accommodation" varies from five cents to twenty-five, according to the style of the lodging-house.

Is it a wonder that the children who grow up in these vile dens, who see nothing but want and crime, are thieves almost as soon as they are able to walk?

What remedy is there for this?

If the police should "clean out" one street, these outcasts—these "wolves of New York"—would cluster in another. They must live somewhere!

There is money enough given for charity in this country to relieve nearly all of this terrible misery. There has been many a poor soul driven into crime, simply because it has felt the pangs of hunger. All the inmates of the low dens are not crime-stained. Many an honest laboring man has been obliged to find shelter there.

The great trouble is that we don't bring the money and the person who really needs it together.

When we give one dollar for charity, we have to give five more to carry it to its destination, which is generally in a foreign country. There's something wrong in all this. Who will be the first one of our rich men to send his name down to posterity as a great benefactor, by relieving the distress of the poor of his own city?

## EARTHLY ANGELS.

I TRULY believe that a few of these benevolent beings are left in this mundane sphere; at least, I have met a few persons who I believe could lay claim to the title. Here they are:

The woman who, when she hears her sister maligned, will speak in her favor, and not—like the rest—cruelly pass her by, but will seek her out and comfort her, showing her that there is a Judge above, more lenient and tender-hearted than those of earthly mord.

The individual who can go by a neighbor's window, and not pry in, to see what is transpiring; or, if she does chance to hear cross words between Mr. and Mrs. Blank, will keep it to herself and not retail it throughout the community. I am sure, if this makes one an earthly angel, we might all be so: it seems easy enough!

He who will not pass the poor inebriate by, or will not merely pause to exclaim: "Look at the ills of intemperance, take ye all a warning from this man!" but will lift him up, take him to his home, talk to him more like a brother than a hard master, and bring about his reformation in this way.

The maiden who is not ashamed of her parents, though their ideas may be of the "old school," and their notions of dress not according to the latest "gazette of fashions." She thinks it no sin to aid her parents, and would as soon have her beau know her hands kneaded up the dough as often as she thumbed on the piano.

The unselfish woman whose thoughts of this life are for those poorer than herself, and who seeks them out, trying to cast aside the brambles, and make life more strown with roses.

The thoughtful, kindly soul who will stop on his way down-town to lift up a little fellow who has fallen, assists the woman who carries a heavy basket, buys a few matches of a little street peddler, stoops to pick up the cent a poor child has dropped in the crevices of the sidewalk, greets his clerks with a cheery "good-morning," and doesn't forget to order those things his wife requested him to.

The person who, when you are sick, won't ask you a thousand times if you are feeling better; won't slam the doors or drop the flour-board just as you are falling asleep; won't put a peck of salt pork and onions under your nose, or make himself or herself disagreeable in any other of the ways aforementioned. When we are sick we desire quietness; and a person who is a quiet attendant on an individual is an earthly angel.

And my closing earthly angel is the being who won't continually drum in my ears that I ought to do this, and ought to do that; and, if I do happen to smile on Sunday, won't think me past all redemption. I can't help smiling when I hear such remarks. But I am far from being an earthly angel, I fear.

EVE LAWLESS.

## OUR VILLAGE.

AH, what a lovely spot, what a dear, cosy nest of a country home was "our village!" How it nestled among the hills away in the little green valley between the mountains and the sea!

And what happy hours we spent in wandering through its green lanes and verdant alleys.

Never, sure, shone the sun so brightly; never were trees so green or flowers so fragrant, never warbled the birds so joyously, or rippled the little brook with so musical a song as in our quiet village.

Ah, that little brook! How we loved to ramble along its green, sunny banks, watching the sports of tiny "sunbacks," or "silversides," at play in the pell-mell pool, or

gathering the wonderful plants which grew just beyond the margin of the stream; or picking up the shells which were scattered on the sandy edge.

Sometimes we ventured to cast off hot, dusty shoes and stockings, and step timidly out until the ripples ran over our bare, white toes, or ventured further and further, with little tremors of delight, until dainty ankles and even little dimpled knees were submerged in the cooling stream.

Over on the south hillsides, just beyond the village, grew the wild strawberries. And how we loved to gather them on the sunny summer afternoons, and with what eager delight off fingers sought among the emerald leaves for the great, ruby globes, glowing with delicious sweetness. How proudly we carried our precious store to the waiting ones at home, and received a heaping saucer-full, strown with the whitest sugar and drowned in a flood of the richest, yellow cream as our reward.

Emboldened among green elms and willows, in the very heart of the village, stood the little white church where we used to listen to the solemn hymn of praise on a Sabbath. How well we remember the long gleam of sunshine which used to come in at the old windows, slanting in a broad bar across the floor and lighting up the old boughs with a golden glory.

And sometimes it used to make us long to exchange the tediousness of the good poor's sermon for the cool shadows and grassy nooks of the old church-yard, outside, where we wandered at will among the white grave-stones, and spoke in whispers of the quiet sleepers who lay with idly folded hands, below the grass which covered their graves.

Oh, those were happy, peaceful hours! The hours of free, careless childhood, spent among the silvan shades of a lovely country home.

Years have flown by with rapid wing, and far away from the green retreats we have taken our stand on the battle-fields of life; but memory loves to turn again to the leaves of the past, and in fancy roams once more at our own sweet will among the cool shadows and over the sunny hillsides of "our village." M. D. B.

## SMITHERS' SKATING CARNIVAL.

As soon as Mrs. Smithers recovered from her sad catastrophe, mentioned in my last epistle, she had a new scheme all ready for me. Doubtless her fertile brain had been concocting the same, as she reposed on her downy couch, and I was reading to her from a Boston weekly paper. I trembled in fear, lest she should announce it as another great sensation.

"Smithers," says she, "the weather is cold, the ice is thick, and liable to be good for skating."

As her remark was quite sensible, I feared she was wandering in her head.

I approached her tremblingly, and asked her why she had made so strange a remark.

"The pond at the back of the hall is just the thing to have a skating carnival in. We can fix up some kind of a tent. I am sure we've got plenty of blankets and bedclothes to make a covering of." I tell you, Smithers, there's money in it," was her reply.

"In what?" I asked, "the bedclothes?"

"No, sir, in the idea; and am I not always in the right?"

I just mentioned the little episode of the triumphal procession quietly in her ear.

"That couldn't be called a failure, Smithers. I am sure it was owing to that funeral. But everybody loves to skate; consequently their tent will be overcrowded. Besides, they will come to see us skate."

"Who do you mean by us?"

"I am going to skate!"

"Why, how can you? You never had a skate on in your life?"

"Then it's high time I had. What woman has done woman may do. Never shall it be said that Mrs. Smithers failed to do what others of her sex have accomplished. We must all wear costumes, and be masked."

"What character do you intend to represent?"

"The floating lily of the Sultan's fountain. It will be such a sweet title."

Sweet has been a favorite word with Mrs. S. ever since she made the acquaintance of the molasses barrel.

Well, we put out our announcements, and erected a tent, which looked as though somebody had been doing a big washing, and hung out their clothes to dry. I elevated a big pole, and placed on its top a large ball of red yarn, in order to let people know that "The Ball Is Up!"

Whether from curiosity, or for the sake of having a good time, was not; but the tent was well filled. There was some good skating done, and a precious sight more of the poor style.

The maiden who is not ashamed of her parents, though their ideas may be of the "old school," and their notions of dress not according to the latest "gazette of fashions." She thinks it no sin to aid her parents, and would as soon have her beau know her hands kneaded up the dough as often as she thumbed on the piano.

The thoughtful, kindly soul who will stop on his way down-town to lift up a little fellow who has fallen, assists the woman who carries a heavy basket, buys a few matches of a little street peddler, stoops to pick up the cent a poor child has dropped in the crevices of the sidewalk, greets his clerks with a cheery "good-morning," and doesn't forget to order those things his wife requested him to.

The person who, when you are sick, won't ask you a thousand times if you are feeling better; won't slam the doors or drop the flour-board just as you are falling asleep; won't put a peck of salt pork and onions under your nose, or make himself or herself disagreeable in any other of the ways aforementioned. When we are sick we desire quietness; and a person who is a quiet attendant on an individual is an earthly angel.

And my closing earthly angel is the being who won't continually drum in my ears that I ought to do this, and ought to do that; and, if I do happen to smile on Sunday, won't think me past all redemption. I can't help smiling when I hear such remarks. But I am far from being an earthly angel, I fear.

EVE LAWLESS.

"Old woman, let go of my throat or I'll suffocate!"

These were the heartrending cries which assailed my ears. I was in a dilemma. Was it best for me to save my wife, or allow the eager throng to howl "humbug!" and make off with the receipts?

As the water was only two feet deep, I allowed some one else to rescue her who calls me wretch—I mean husband. The fat man threatens to sue us for damages. If I were a swearing man, I should say: "I don't care a dam—"

What freak will next enter Mrs. S.'s head I know not, but if she suggests another triumphal entry, or a skating carnival, she may holler "Chicago!" until she is hoarse.

SMITHERS, THE SHOWMAN.

## LIVING LIES.

YOU'LL meet them everywhere, in the cars at the sea-shore, in the ball-room, at Fifth avenue and Five Points. All the actors in this world are not on the boards of a theater. Almost every person assumes a role which is not his own. There are many deacons with long faces and still longer prayers, who ride about in their vehicles, not doubt imagining themselves to be the most perfect of Christians, yet are so heathenish as to let their less fortunate neighbors walk, when there is sufficient room for them to ride.

Men, there are, admitted into the best of society, who are called eligible matches, are petted, flattered and highly honored, but who are living lies. Did the mothers, who are endeavoring to catch them for their daughters, know of the impure and polluted lives they lived, they would shrink from them, as they would from an adder.

Merchants (Heaven be praised) the number of them are few like the examples I would show you who are in high standing, in church and state, praised for their honesty, lauded for their goodness and charity, who think it no sin to defraud the sewing-girl of her hard earnings. Are they not living lies—merchants of this kind?

The poverty-stricken widow, who has barely enough to exist upon, tries to appear cheerful before her unfeeling employer, yet all the while wishing she had the power to smite those who would crush the "widow and the fatherless." Wears she not a mask?

The poverty-stricken widow, who has barely enough to exist upon, tries to appear cheerful before her unfeeling employer, yet all the while wishing she had the power to smite those who would crush the "widow and the fatherless." Wears she not a mask?

## A SPRING CAROL—Acrostic.

BY C. R. D.

Silvery sweet the robin is singing,  
As sweetly as the song of the old Linden tree,  
Tenderly green the young leaves are springing,  
Under the hedges and on the brown tea  
Hills so long silent 'neath letters of snow,  
Down to the sounding sea murmuring go;  
Anemone hills up, with sweet faces in the  
Nest of the swallow bloom deep in the swale.

The wind stirs the mosses where violets grow,  
And sweet daisies nestling in beds of green leave,  
Rise up, toward the sun, the waving trees,  
Joyfully the rose light from out the western sky,  
And wistfully is dying let me breathe this fervent  
prayer:  
"Lord, lead Thou my erring feet toward the  
golden 'Over There.'"

## A Woman's Wiles.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A LARGE, elegantly-furnished parlor, with five French windows opening on a wide veranda, where the brightest of moonlight was shining in one unbroken banner.

A party of merry young people grouped in the open windows, on the flight of steps; and Octavian Morton, the gayest, prettiest, brightest of them all, flirting with Max Maxwell on the lawn just in front of the house.

She was just the sort of a girl to enjoy a flirtation, and Mr. Maxwell seemed to think her a very delightful specimen of coquetry, judging from the glances he bestowed upon her, and the low, melodious inflections he gave his voice.

They made a splendid-looking couple, out there in the moonlight, on the emerald-green lawn, and Mamie Rosenberg, as she watched them from under her drooping eyelids, with that uncomfortable distress somewhere about her, could have described Max Maxwell as none but a jealous, loving girl could have done.

There was not much wonder that Mamie Rosenberg had in common with all the rest of the "girls" fallen in love with Mr. Maxwell's handsome face, fine figure and stylish air; although none of them was as deeply in love as poor, pretty little Mamie, who had not the slightest idea how lovely were the velvety-brown eyes and the incarnadine on her cheeks; or how much Mr. Maxwell admired her short, boyish hair that waved in thick tendrils from brow to neck; and who was all the time wishing she was as stately and stylish as Miss Octavian Morton from New York, so that Mr. Maxwell would, possibly, care for her as he did for the beauty.

Perhaps conscious of Mamie's half-sad scrutiny, Octavian was laughing and talking in her most brilliant way with handsome Max Maxwell, whose dark violet eyes were always laughing in Octavian's own, and whose thick amber mustache was in alarmingly close proximity—at times—with a pretty, dimpled hand.

"Now, that's simply nonsensical, Mr. Maxwell. As if these seersores or fortunetellers, or whatever they are, can reveal the sealed events of the future! No, you can't convince me."

Her incredulous laugh floated gayly out on the still air.

"But, I said already several predictions have come to pass—shall I tell you one of them?"

He looked up at Octavian—he had flung himself lazily on the grass, resting his elbow on the ground and his head on his hand—with a smile in his eyes that made her heart throb joyously.

"I wish you would—if only to prove what you've said, you know."

"I was to meet the most lovely of women; she would return the love I offered her—Octavian, my darling, will the prophecy prove true?"

His eyes were not laughing now; they were serious and tender, and the girl blushed under their gaze.

"If you wish it to be true—"

"Then you love me? for I have loved you ever since the day I saw you."

And through the dimming, paling moonlight, Mamie Rosenberg, wondering why he talked so long and so low to Octavian Morton, never dreamed it was a betrothal!

But when she crept away to bed that night, she knew it, and for the heartache she felt, sleep fled her eyes those long hours.

And Max Maxwell, when he had kissed Octavian good-night, paced the long piazza, proud and happy, and entirely forgetting that the lines of his future life had also read him the fate of being jilted by her whom he loved.

But he chose to forget that; he could not, would not, believe that his peerless Octavian was a girl to do such a thing; so he dreamed his dream; while Mamie Rosenberg cried and listened for his footsteps, and Octavian Morton wondered, as she did up her hair in crimping-pins, whether he was rich or not?

Eight years! a wide gulf, with its currents of joys, of sorrows, that had left unmistakable impressions on the three people of whom I am relating—their love, Octavian.

Perhaps Mrs. Justin—Mrs. Justin—the elegant widow, who resided in her mansion on Lexington avenue, was the least changed in personnel and the most in condition of them all.

She had jilted Max Maxwell, and married a wealthy old man, who had died three years back and left her very rich.

She was still blooming, still stately and gracious, and in love with Max Maxwell still, although seven years had gone by since she had seen him.

And little Mamie Rosenberg! time and fortune had played strange tricks with her; and, at twenty, she was just a little faded and aged, for she was working for her living nowadays; a happy, contented little woman, who had a smile for every one, and whose lips were always murmuring some graceful song while her busy fingers flew.

She often thought of Mr. Maxwell, in her own, old-time, modest way, wondering if he had married Octavian Morton, and if she loved him?

She never had known how it had happened; her path in life had been so different these late years, and she and Octavian never met.

Of them all Max Maxwell was the most changed—and I think it was for the better—outwardly, surely, for these eight long years had added a proud strength to his features and figure; his eyes were deeper, keener; his mouth, under that same thick amber mustache Mamie Rosenberg had so admired, was sterner and more wilful, to be sure, but the same tender smile could light up all

his grand, immobile face as brightly at thirty-two as at twenty-four.

So he came back from his long travels, and among the very first cards he received was one bearing the name of "Mrs. Gustavus Justin." His lips curled, but he thought he might as well go and show her how utterly he disregarded her.

A very handsome man he was, and when Octavian came eagerly across her drawing-room to meet him, she felt the old love throb through her veins as it had that warm moonlight night, eight years and more ago!

Well, he thought what a superb woman Mrs. Justin had grown to be—that was all!

"Max, I am so glad to see you! Can it be possible you are so little changed?" She looked at him in an eager sort of way that she hardly intended.

"Time has not made so many changes as circumstances, Mrs. Justin. You are looking but very little older than when I saw you last."

He referred to it, and so carelessly, and called her "Mrs. Justin," too!

Octavian's cheeks burned; would he scorn her now, as she had scorned him? If she had dared, she would have gone and put her arms around his neck and kissed him, only it would not have been quite the thing. Was there any one else occupying his heart?

She endeavored to find out.

"Have you seen any of our old friends lately?" she asked, very sweetly.

"No; but I wish I could. Who are living in the city?" Did you ever come across that pretty little Miss Rosenberg nowadays?" Mrs. Justin's lip curled.

"No; my circle of acquaintance does not include hair-workers."

She felt jealousy even at his simple compliment; she began to hate Mamie Rosenberg that moment; she would have made any other woman as well.

So Mr. Maxwell went away, with a reluctant promise to come again; and Octavian Justin called her carriage to go to the little rural homestead where Mamie Rosenberg lived, and worked for Madame Paulo, who had her rooms in the city; not such a very long distance out was the little one-story cot, for Mamie walked it every day.

So Mrs. Justin met Mamie at the outer gate; the girl all surprise at the meeting, the lady all condescending welcome.

"You will come back with me, certainly, Mamie? I have so much to talk about, and

she began to hate Mamie Rosenberg that moment; she would have made any other woman as well.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

an old man, beloved by everyone.

"I was called to nurse their new-born babe; and what a little jewel I thought it was, too! It was you, young man—you. How careful I was of you! How I watched your every movement lest you should be hurt in some way! I was wrapped up in you. I idolized you; and when I took you in my arms, I was a child myself, for I used to

&lt;p

soon, and I saw her once—it was nearly twenty years ago. Maybe she has lived in London the twenty years gone; but I have never set eyes on her. My relations and friends, one by one, all died, or went away, and I was left alone without money or place to support myself. To get me a livelihood, I have done a great many wrong things. I was forced to it. I continued to live on—sometimes a charity-seeker and sometimes with plenty of money. Within a few years though, even the vile existence I had accepted, failed to be of much account. I became a thief. I was too ashamed of the low reputation I had accepted for myself, to seek honest employment. Now, I am dying! I have not many more moments left for this world; and I die, repenting all my evil ways; happy in thinking of how pure I was once. I never did, would not dare, to assert my relationship with the proud Lord Hallison Blair, who lives so grandly in square St. James'; I would be scoffed at, perhaps cast into prison for my boldness. But he is my son! He has his true name—Hallison Gregor—upon his left arm; and on his right is prick'd: 'Non Victor Hassan B.' This is all. Water! I am dying!"

She drained the pitcher to the last of its contents, and then added, hastily:

"Go! Go bring a lawyer here. Tell him to fetch pen and ink. I must sign my name to an affidavit. Be quick!"

"Where will I find one?" cried Victor, starting to his feet; "we are strangers in London. Direct me—"

"When you leave this house, turn to the left; when you go out of the alley turn again to the left; keep on a few blocks until you reach a corner house, built of brick, with railings to the steps, long windows opening on a balcony at the front, and lighted vestibule. One of a firm of lawyers lives there. Be sure you'll find him in Bring him to me. I must finish this. It is the hand of God!"

Victor bounded from the room, and hurried upon his errand without waiting to hear more.

When Sarah Marks and the merchant were alone, the former said:

"Look in that trunk over there and you will find some papers. I wrote them; I wrote them all. I am not the worthless being you would take me for. I have had a better education than you would think. Open the trunk and get out the writings."

Herndon did as she requested; finding, upon opening the trunk, a large roll of manuscript. A glance at it showed him that it was an affidavit, and more lengthy statement of that to which he had listened.

"I don't know what made me write it," she continued; "but, I did it at odd times, after I had been thinking a great deal. It eased my mind to place my thoughts in words. I never dreamt it would go into the hands of the very child whom I used to nurse—to the true child of the earl! It's the hand of God. He ordained that this should come to pass before I entered His presence!"

"Woman—Sarah Marks, you have given us most valuable information! This is intelligence both pleasing and startling!"

"But it's true! It's true!" she asserted, with husky vehemence.

"I can not doubt it," he returned. "It does really seem to be a Providence which brought about this most strange meeting."

"It's true, every word of it!" repeated Sarah Marks. "I have written it all down, there on the paper, and with my dying strength I am going to sign it. For it will be one good deed to wipe out the many wicked ones I have committed. Oh! that I could live to see again the happiness of my early life!"

"How long has the earl been dead?" inquired the merchant, still busily perusing the manuscript by the pale candle-light, though his question had no definite importance.

She answered promptly:

"It was over ten years ago. I remember the grand funeral, well."

"About two years previous to the date when my wife and I first met Hallison Blair," thought Herndon.

He devoted himself to making her as comfortable as possible, considering the lack of conveniences; for which kind attention she returned feeble thanks.

As the moments passed, she began to fear that Victor would return too late to accomplish that which she desired; but, while expressing this anxiety to Mr. Herndon, the door opened, and the young man entered, flushed with the excitement of thought, and a hasty walk. He was accompanied by not only the lawyer named by Sarah Marks, but also by an Episcopal clergyman, whom he had found with the lawyer's aid. The latter-named gentleman, comprehending, at a glance, how matters stood, wheeled up the rickety table, placed beside it a stool, and arranging the sheets so that they could be signed successively without delay:

"Now, then; there you are. All ready. Come!"

"Sign the papers, Sarah Marks, while you have strength enough left," Herndon said, assisting in raising her to the stool.

With trembling hand she dipped the pen in the ink, and, amid a profound silence, attached her signature to each of the papers; and the lawyer stood by, business-like, to dry the name as fast as written, and nodding his small, shingled head in a rapid, satisfied manner.

"There!" she exclaimed, in a whisper, when she had scratched the last letter on the last sheet, "it is done! That will prove everything. I am going. Hold me!"

She tottered dizzily in her seat, and was near falling; but Victor caught her, and she was gently placed upon the mattress, where she lay like one in calm repose.

Suddenly the dark eyes of the dying woman opened—they were dimming, and steady in their gaze; and in a voice so low that they could scarce distinguish the words, she plead:

"Water! Just one more drink, and then I—"

Victor took up the pitcher, and would have procured the water, but the clergyman laid a detaining hand upon his arm, saying:

"Stop. It is useless. She can not live five minutes. She would be dead ere you came back. Let us pray for her," and he knelt by the torn, ragged couch, and prayed. The others bowed their heads, in solemn accord. When they looked up, the soul of Sarah Marks was mingling with the hosts that throng the beaten path leading to the spirit realms.

The lawyer began fumbling and shuffling the manuscripts, and immediately interested himself in the affidavit, with contracted brow and mien of gravest study. He represented a most respectable firm. The worthy minister was pleased to accept full charge of the matter in hand, and was authorized

to summon an undertaker, and see that the corpse had decent burial at a joint expense between the merchant and the young man; and, after giving him their directions, they withdrew to the main street, where they were fortunate enough to secure a cab, and returned to their boarding-house.

Ex-Superintendent Kraak had retired, and they were partially glad of it, as his presence might not have been so desirable under the existing circumstances.

They had no inclination to sleep; and the night was passed in conversation upon the singular and most wonderful developments so brought about as to seem hardly credible.

Early next morning, the business card of "Messrs. Blank & Blank, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law," was presented, and the lawyer was admitted.

A lengthy dialogue, statement, and explanation ensued, in which the lawyer was informed of Hallison Blair's apparent villainy, and that the witnesses were on hand, prepared to testify at any moment. Lawyer Blank evinced much interest, and began to take notes. It appeared to him an extraordinary case, a wonderful case—a case that was of momentous import, but crystal transparency. He entertained no doubt as to their being able qualified to thoroughly "oust" the Englishman, besides having him dealt severely with, according to law, for attempt at double murder.

"Not the slightest particle of a chance for him!" exclaimed the attorney, rapidly penciling off the more weighty points given him. "He'll go under like frosted cabbage in boiling water. Hem! Very queer complication, this. I read all the manuscripts last night. Haven't had a wink of sleep for about thirty-six hours. Sarah Marks will be buried to-day. I've attended to that; expense light—no hurry about the cash, you know! How funny it is this case, now! Our firm concedes it to be *stupendous*! We'll prove two murders on him, and a wife under false representations; we'll prove him a fraud on nobility; a son of nobody; a consummate scoundrel and outlandish liar—etc., etc., &c., &c., and we'll have him put in jail, in prison; exile him, banish him forever—maybe hang him! Of course this shall be kept quiet until all the documents are prepared, you know—until the machinery is all well g-r-e-a-s-e-d—then we'll shove the piston-rod, open the safety-valve, turn the fly-wheel, and run our circular saw of justice through his live-oak body. See? Right in keeping it quiet, am I not?—yes? Certainly. I thought so. There you are!" His speech had been broken by short intervals, as he wrote rapidly, and now he closed his memorandum-book with a snap. Shortly thereafter he took his departure.

It was two days subsequent to the interview of Sarah Marks, when, in and by the approval and advice of their lawyer, Calvert Herndon and Victor Hassan engaged rooms at the — Hotel, for themselves, Ex-Superintendent Kraak, and Kate, the waiting-maid.

All, however, were registered under fictitious titles, with the exception of the young man, whose name was written in the books: "Lord Victor Hassan B."

The residence of Lord Hallison Blair was but a short distance from the — Hotel, and on the first day they occupied their new rooms, Victor had walked out in the direction of St. James Square, hoping to feast his eyes for a moment, if possible, upon Pauline's face. He knew she was accustomed to ride out in the afternoons; and his wish was gratified. He noticed the fine span, the elegant livery before the Englishman's house, and well knew that it was hers—for he had been there more than once before to feast his eyes on her—the still-cherished idol—the sacred image engraven so deep in his heart that time nor effort could not erase it. He saw her driven off; and then turned his eyes upward to the windows. They rested on Doctor Gulick Brandt!

He heard the physician utter a cry, saw him reel back from view, and without waiting further, returned to the hotel, where he related the incident to Calvert Herndon.

In the same moment in which Victor Hassan was telling the merchant what he had seen, Doctor Gulick Brandt was busy perusing the page labeled "Late Arrivals," in the office, down-stairs; and having discovered Victor's name, he turned his footsteps, in hot haste, back to St. James Square, where he rejoined the Englishman—his features whitened, his whole manner one of guilty excitement.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

JOSEPH FLEET, S. S.

"Sir:—Please call immediately at room, — Hotel, on account of urgent business."

"Now, who the devil can this be, who signs himself 'Lord Victor Hassan B.', and wants to see me on business?"

Thus read detective Joseph Fleet, from a small slip of paper he held in his hand; and thus he soliloquized, as he perused his brief message.

Lord Victor Hassan B. was a nobleman of whom he had not yet heard. Lord Victor Hassan B. was a personage new to his knowledge of the lights of the nobility; and he studied the scrip perplexedly.

"The best way to decide is to go and find out," he concluded. "Business, eh? It's always business with Joe Fleet. I'll see the gentleman at once," and a few minutes later, he was hurrying in the direction of the hotel.

Presenting his card, he was promptly ushered to room —, where the servant announced him. Calvert Herndon and Victor Hassan were there, as if awaiting his arrival, and the detective entered with a bow.

"Good-evening, Mr. Fleet," said Victor, arising; but Fleet paused in the center of the apartment and interrupted him, saying:

"Hold on. You sent for me on business, didn't you?"

"We did," answered the young man.

"Very good; and on business I've come.

First and foremost, my name is Joseph Fleet—'Joe' for short—some call me Joe, and some call me Fleet, while others call me Joe Fleet. Therefore, you will choose one, two or all three of the titles, if you wish; but don't call me Mr. Fleet. Now then,

The detective was a medium-proportioned individual, with heavy black whiskers; his face was pleasant, yet expressive of determination; his eyes, small and keen, darted in every direction and fixed in the mind all they saw; his manner was agreeable, though blunt; quick to perceive, as prompt to act, safe in conclusions, reliable in word; sometimes irritable, sometimes lenient—in all his moods, shrewd and decisive; not a man to be trifled with, and a man who understood the duties of his office in the secret service.

As he spoke, he seated himself in a con-

venient chair, placed his elbows on the armrests, let his chin fall to his hands, and crossing his legs, gazed at them in a way that partially discovered his nature.

"Now, then, to our business."

Without further ceremony, Victor proceeded to lay before Fleet his whole case.

He began with the first incident—his discovery of moisture upon the lips of Calvert Herndon, when the merchant lay in his coffin, in the parlor at the Home Mansion in America; and from this point, began a recital of every thing—his own near death; his being saved by the waiting-girl; the merchant's rescue from the tomb; Doctor Gulick Brandt's assumption of the office of executor, when the will to that effect had been destroyed; their coming to London; the discovery of Sarah Marks and her story; all was set forth, including Victor's intended claim to the hereditary title of Lord Harold Blair, Earl of —

"Now—fool!—you've forgotten what she said."

"Ye-hes, sir; I've forgot what she said."

"Ho! you have, eh? See now! I'm going to make you remember!" and the way in which he snatched up a bound volume from a table near him, said, as plainly as words:

"This book shall break your skull; ventilate your brains; aid your memory. Look out!" The action had the desired effect.

"Ye-hes, sir. I was about to say, sir, my lady would like to see you in her apartments up-stairs, *hif* you please; ye-hes, sir."

"Good. Now, then, lead the way. And stop that twisting, or I'll put a bullet through your cranium!" With this latter admonition, he followed the intimidated servant from the parlor, and ascended the stairs to the rooms designated by Lady Hallison Blair, who anxiously awaited his coming.

And, with all her changed life, seeming buoyancy, endless luxury of surrounding,

had Pauline ceased to love Victor Hassan?

Considering her pure heart, gentle nature, rapt affection, would it be reasonable to suppose that she, who, in words of fervent sincerity, when she conversed with her father, declared an aversion to Hallison Blair even as a friend, should feel the happiness she simulated, and which others believed?

Not so. Though she resignedly bore the cross put upon her through base design; though she displayed, by word and action, a contentment with her lot; though she graciously permitted, and appropriately acknowledged, the homage paid her on every side; still, there existed in the secret recesses of her heart a dreary, desolate something which wrought a constant but concealed sorrow.

The note she had received from the footman of the bridal carriage, on the day of her wedding, had been treasured jealousy, and was stained with bitter tears that had fallen from her lustrous eyes at times when she would seek privacy, and read and re-read the lines upon that precious fragment.

It was a fond relic of one who had been "all-in-all" to her—the only being remaining, after the burial of her father, on whom she could bestow her full, undivided love; and he, in that hour when she deemed him dead, was torn from her by a cruel to realize as the will of the Omnipotent.

The words upon the hastily-scribbled note I can. Good-evening."

"Good-evening," returned Victor and the merchant; and the detective was gone.

Joe Fleet considered the duty in hand a most intricate one. He was half-inclined to admit that he had fallen into a desperate strait, in which his wits were at fault. He did not doubt that such a piece of villainy was probable; but, how to manufacture indubitable *proofs*, based upon actual investigation, appeared a task of towering insurmountability.

"Well," he thought, "I'll shift the matter to my brain, and sleep on it. Mayhap, by to-morrow, I'll be able to see how to work."

Upon his return to headquarters another note was handed him.

"Now," he exclaimed, "who the devil can this be, who writes in a lady's hand, and wants to see me on business? More business. Always business."

His question was answered when he opened the billet and read:

"Your early presence at No. — square St. James, is particularly requested. Ask for, and see only LADY HALLISON BLAIR."

"Oho! then, what's up? She wants me, too!—the young man's former sweetheart. What can be the matter in that direction, I wonder?"

He lost no time in answering the summons, starting straightway, for square St. James, and thinking deeply as he went.

Arrived before the house, he ascended the broad steps, when something fell in a shower about him, fluttering through the air like snow-flakes, only larger, confined to a certain space, and indistinguishable as playing cards.

"Hello! somebody's throwing a pack of cards out the window. He! he! he!"

I suppose my lord and lady have quarreled over a game of *whist*, and she's settled the matter by throwing the cards on my head. Lucky they weren't stones! And now, your humble servant, Joe Fleet, out of consideration for the reputation of the house of Blair, will take the pains to prevent unpleasant gossip in the neighborhood," saying which, he carefully collected the cards that lay scattered upon the pavement, mumbling the while:

"Nice cards these. So! 'jack's' up, 'king's' down, 'queen' on her head. 'Clubs' must be trumps, up-stairs, where that light burns! Not 'hearts,' I'll bet a shilling!" and so forth, until he had stowed the entire pack in his pocket.

Then he rung the bell, and was admitted to the long, broad, smooth-floored, richly-decorated, brightly-illuminated hall.

"I've come to see Lady Blair," he said, briefly, brushing past the man.

"Ye-hes, sir," bowed the servant;

"what name shall I say, sir? Walk into the parlor if you please, sir."

"Ye-hes, sir. Hurry."

"Then hurry, and don't stand there wriggling like a man with a pain in his stomach."

"Ye-hes, sir.

"Be quick!—do you hear?" taking a step toward the other and frowning.

The man disappeared on winged feet, and at the expiration of a few minutes returned to find the detective in a side parlor, pacing to and fro, lost in thought, and exhibiting a carriage of such truly independent ease within the housewails of the proud, wealthy, exacting Lord Blair, as to astonish the mental. Besides, Fleet was indulging in a strain of broken, incomprehensible utterances; arching and contracting his brows; patting his hands upon his folded arms; evidently resolving something in his mind, and also impatient at having to wait.

"Crackey!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Joe Fleet, spying him.

"Now, devils catch you! how long have you been standing there?—

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

87

The chief had previously warned all his companions that it would be necessary to start at night, as doubtless the Shawnees would have scouts watching upon the hills above, who would instantly detect in the daytime the presence of any canoe on the waters.

No objection was made. The horses were turned loose, in the hope that, hampered as they were, they might be easily found on their return; and then every man, rifle in hand, stood upon the shore, ready to embark whenever the guides gave the signal. The canoe was remarkable for its length, being in fact, of the size usually denominated war-canoes, and capable, despite its fragile make, of carrying quite half a dozen more than it would be called upon to bear.

The rowers were already in their places, when a low exclamation from the scout made all stand still as statues in the gloom, as they saw two canoes shoot out from a point not more than a quarter of a mile to the right, and make directly up the lake.

"Tis the foul gang," said Steve, clutching his gun; "when shall you and I make better acquaintance with the vagabones?"

"I can not distinguish them from Indians," observed Roland, sternly.

"Horse-thief; white Indian," put in Kenewa, in his broken English.

"Then, in heaven's name, push out," said the captain. "A brush with the Indians will do me good."

"But, captain, observed Steve, as all took their seats, the young man being close to him, "as we're bound to bring off the pretty ones first, 'taint likely we're going to make the Indians as wise as ourselves. Let us do our duty by the gals first, and then for these ring-tail roarers. I'm your man. I'm death on, an' shan't sleep happy nary night till one of them villains has had the full contents of old Never-miss."

Roland rung the hand of his faithful friend, and then no more was said.

The Bandits of the Scioto had taken their course somewhat to eastward, apparently desirous of keeping within the deep shadows of the tall trees. This probably decided the movements of Kenewa, who glided along shore for some little time, until an island concealed the white thieves from view. Then he at once pushed forward at his utmost speed, as if desirous to be first at the point he had in his own mind selected for a landing.

The canoe rippled through the water at a speed which showed how well she had been built, sliding over the surface with an ease and grace that anywhere but on that deserted water must have commanded attention. They were very soon in what were called by the runners, the Narrows of the lake, and stole swiftly and cautiously among the numberless little islands, aware that the red-skins might have been cunning enough to leave an ambush on one of them.

At length the Narrows were passed, when they found themselves not fifty feet from the shore, with the hills receding, clothed in the summer garb of green and brown and red.

Kenewa checked the canoe and spoke in a low tone to Steve, using the Huron language. As he did so, he pointed to a line of white water that ran in mimic waves and breakers from the nearest island to the shore.

"Tis judg'mental," said Steve, with a smile, as the canoe was pushed close to the line; "we must wade. The canoe, which is our safety, must be laid up hereabouts; so, lead the way, captain."

As all knew that the white water indicated a shallow, no remarks were made, and all stepped into the lake and began wading for the shore; while Steve and Kenewa secured the canoe in a natural harbor, where it would be difficult for the most cunning to find it. They then followed their comrades, whom they reached before any landed.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A SHAWNEE TOWN.

THEY were now in an enemy's country, surrounded by dangers of the most appalling character, and it therefore behooved them to be careful to the last degree. They had not only the Shawnees to contend against, but the Bandits of the Scioto, who, whatever might be their grievances against the tribe led by Theanderigo, were their own bitter enemies—men not in any way to be trusted, and likely at any moment to coalesce with the enemy should opportunity offer.

Kenewa led his companions under the trees that overhung the bank, crept up the rude and rugged shore, and then struck into the thickets. However superficial his actual knowledge of the hills and valleys of this vast wilderness, he did not hesitate to plunge into its depths with the freedom of a man accustomed to its privations and difficulties. The Avengers followed him on his laborious way without a murmur or a question, until they were in the very heart of a wood so dense as to admit of no progress without constant crawling.

Kenewa spoke a few words to Steve. "You're quite right, red-skin," he said, "quite right. I scent the Shawnees myself. That's clear sky through them tree-tops, and we're mighty near the wigwams of the racers. Here we must halt and hide while the chief and myself go out scouting."

"One moment," replied Roland. "You and Kenewa have guided us here in a marvelous manner, and I thank you; but do not forget that I command. I must accompany you."

"Just as you please, cap'n," said Steve, with a smile; "only we shall be a mighty tall party of scouts for so small an army! I see the chief is going alone by the brook, while we keep more to the right. As every man wishes his hair safe on his head let him lie close until we see what is to be done."

All at once agreed. The occasion was one admitting of no doubt. They were in a dangerous and perilous position, in which caution and prudence would be of far more importance than all the reckless bravery in which any of the party might feel disposed to indulge.

"You are a purty good hand at an Injine boy, Tom," he said, pointing to Little Bear's weapon, which Martha had brought with her; "if you can nose a turkey or a deer it might be useful. Some hole must be found to make a fire; this here scouting is terrible hairy work," he added.

"All right," said Tom, nodding, "I'll try; it ain't the first time I've seen a bow and arrow. I used to do some tall shooting with 'em."

Steve made no reply, but again casting his eyes upward, he took his way under the gloomy forest arches, followed by Roland.

In about ten minutes they were near an opening in the trees; they were on the right trail.

The stream skirted this plain, and on its borders there were some forty or fifty lodges, rudely and somewhat hastily erected by means of logs, brush, and earth, with far more idea of comfort than order and beauty.

"Them's the Shawnees," whispered Steve; "it's quite clear the villains—the thieving, loafing, vagabones!—ayre too many for us to attack; though I and Kenewa and half a dozen Hurons f'ot as many on'ct."

"Why not again?"

"Well, cap'n, you see we was fortified like just then, as it may be, in a good block; but you've to attack. No, no; we must use cunning and overreach the crafty knaves. Hiss!"

The scout turned to the left of their position. They were kneeling under the sweeping boughs of a beach tree, and listening attentively. Though moving with extreme caution, he was certain that some one was at hand.

He ventured on the hiss of a serpent with such startling effect as to make Roland gaze rapidly around, when he saw the dusky figure of Kenewa crawling in upon them.

A brief but earnest conversation took place between Steve and Kenewa, during which the latter lay close upon the ground to glance over the plain. The voices of the white man and chief were animated, though the tone was so low as to be nearly inaudible. Presently it ceased altogether.

"Well," said Roland, whose eyes had been fixed on the Indian camp, "what have you decided? But where is the Indian? I saw him flat and motionless upon the ground only a minute ago."

"But a Ingine does a deal in a minute," laughed Steve. "He's half-way to the camp by this time."

Roland, mute with astonishment, looked forward on the ground to where the Indian should have been, but his dark form had utterly vanished, and all they could do was to wait his pleasure.

Every moment Roland expected to hear the savage cry of the Shawnees, shouting with delight at the capture of a prisoner so important; every minute he expected to behold a dozen dark forms leaping from the wigwams and clutching the impudent warrior. But no sounds came from the Indian lodges; no dark, glancing specters moved about.

The village was in repose—the repose of utter security, and whatever Kenewa was doing, his adventurous undertaking had as yet caused no evil or disagreeable result.

The space of ground between the village and the ambuscade of the scouts was a meadow with high grass, that fluttered in green waves to the uneasy breeze. The distance was fifty yards, so that though the moon was not yet risen, and the stars were concealed by the clouds, still, to their keen and accustomed eyes, every object in the hemispherical of wigwams was clearly visible.

A dull fire glowed in the center. It had, ever since they came to the skirts of the forest, been simply a glowing mass of embers; but suddenly a dark figure passed across, threw on some fuel, and blaze lit up the whole scene.

The figure by the fire was that of an old man, who evidently had come forth from his lodge because he couldn't sleep, for he seated himself on a log, lit his pipe, and fell into a fit of musing. They could, by means of the blaze, which fully illumined his face, see that he was a handsome Indian, with intellectual countenance and a frame not yet chilled by the snows of winter nor scared by the hot sun of summer.

His head was resting on his hand as he sat musing—of what, who can tell? His mouth lazily and occasionally emitted clouds of smoke, which ascended slowly to the stratum of air above. Suddenly he rose to an upright position, and his dark eyes glanced swiftly and keenly on every side. Then every movement of surprise ended. His musket lay untouched and to all appearance unnoticed at his side, but his nostrils were dilated, his head was turned a little to one side, while his quick and rapid glances ran over every object within the range of his vision.

"He has heard Kenewa," said Roland. "He has," whispered Steve.

Both were deeply moved at the dangerous position in which the Huron was placed, surrounded by his enemies, and with no weapon save his knife.

"God help him!" whispered Steve, after a pause, as the warrior rose, moved away from the fire, and walked slowly toward his wigwam, behind which, however, he glided, and next minute might be seen hurrying under cover of the lodges toward the extremity of the clearing, where a number of rocks or cliffs, surmounted by tall trees, formed the western boundary of the village.

Both clutched their rifles, for both felt they could not consistently allow their Indian friend to be captured without firing a shot.

Again a figure came in front of the wigwams, stalked slowly toward the fire, lit a pipe, and seated itself on a log, with its back to the huts and its face directly toward the forest. A few sticks, quite dry and inflammable, were then cast on the pile, and by its light the outlying pale-faces recognized Kenewa.

A grim smile illuminated his countenance as he smoked his pipe, which, after a whiff or two, he replaced in his belt, laying his head on the log, and appeared about to indulge in comfortable slumber.

The two men breathed hard and anxiously. "Is the Huron mad?" said Roland; "has he utterly taken leave of his senses? What can he mean?"

"Hist! You mustn't talk so loud, cap'n. Just look how fine he's taking in the Shawnee."

"As I please, cap'n," said Steve; "what can he mean?"

"Just as you please, cap'n," said Steve, with a smile; "only we shall be a mighty tall party of scouts for so small an army! I see the chief is going alone by the brook, while we keep more to the right. As every man wishes his hair safe on his head let him lie close until we see what is to be done."

It was not likely that any one in his tribe would be playing tricks with him, practical jokes being regarded by Indians as the height of folly and wickedness, as they never did any good and too often inflicted grievous harm.

The fancy never entered his head that those they had left upon the borders of Prairie Lake would have followed him up.

His reflections were brought to a close by what might be termed a grand crash; as

while he was still looking round him, there arose a loud and joyous cry from the forest—a sound that, while it roused the Indian to other thoughts, sufficiently startled the scouts to make them lie close beneath the sassafras-tree.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient stranger among the Shawnees to be ignorant of what it means."

"Hunter party come home—kill much deer," said the guttural voice of Kenewa,

close to their elbows.

"What can that be? They are rejoicing at some victory."

"I know most of the cries of the forest," replied Steve to the question of his commanding officer; "but though I know they are glad about something, yet am I a sufficient

## SLIGHTLY TREMULOUS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I'd a friendly old shake with A. Gue,  
Who into my study came storming,  
And he shook me an hour or two  
In a way that was very alarming.  
I never had met him before,  
Nor enjoyed his delightful acquaintance;  
But his visit 've carded and deplored.  
And I think of it long with repentance.

He announced not himself at the door,  
But came in with a great deal of boldness,  
And though but a moment before.  
I was warm, I received him with coldness.  
And he shook me clean out of my chair,  
As I sat there in front of my fire;  
And he shook me to the bone with despair,  
In a manner I didn't admit.

He shook me all over the body—  
Indeed, in a very unfair way;  
And he shook me clear out of the door,  
And also clear down the long stairway.  
And he shook me against all the walls;  
And he shook me against all my wishes;  
And he shook from my shoulders the shaws,  
As I took from the cupboard the dishes.

He shook me clean out of my mind;  
And he shook me clear into a bad mood, too;  
And he shook me until I was blind,  
And shook me clear out of my head, too.  
I considered my doom was to be  
Well shaken before I was taken;  
And he shook me until I was lame,  
To be taken before I was shaken.

He shook me so awfully rough  
That the bed went to smash in a minute,  
And the house shook from cellar to roof,  
As also did every thing in it.  
He shook me so awfully rough,  
That I thought I had swallowed an earthquake,  
And at last when he shook himself off,  
Right gladly I shook with a mirthquake.

Trapped;  
OR,  
THE BAFFLED ROYALIST.

BY C. D. CLARK.

THE tramp of a coming horseman broke the stillness of a Carolina solitude, in the early revolutionary days, and a young man, admirably mounted, and dressed in a sort of military fatigues, wearing the three-cornered hat and long riding-coat of the day, and sitting his horse with admirable ease and grace, dashed through a low cypress grove at a swinging pace. Something in his air, aside from his dress, bespoke the soldier. He had a handsome, clear-cut, but icy face, with thin lips, which he had a habit of compressing at times, giving him an expression of cruelty. Otherwise, he seemed to be a gentleman in every sense of the word; but one you would hardly care to meet in a close grapple, where a struggle meant either his life or yours.

He rode on for several miles, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left until he reached the edge of a large plantation, and saw in the distance, standing upon a slope, a low-roofed but elegant plantation-house, built in a style which showed that the owner was a person of wealth and position.

"This must be mine," he muttered. "Yes, Annette Clayton, proud as you are, strong in your love of country, as you choose to call your rebellion, you *must* be my wife. I wonder if I have a rival?"

A little negro swung open the gate which led through an avenue of oaks up to the house, and he rode through without noticing the boy, who held out his hand for a gift. The lad looked after him in unalloyed disgust.

"Yah, you bloody Tory," he muttered beneath his breath. "You no gemman, or you gib a boy someting, if it only a *bit*. You no gemman; you *h'ar dat*!"

Although he thus relieved his mind, he took especial pains that his words should not become audible to the other. But he made no movement to follow and take charge of the horse, leaving that thankless task to another boy, who received no more notice than the first. The visitor was shown into a handsomely furnished parlor, in which were various articles that bespoke the ownership of a lady. A guitar, a harp, and numberless little articles of taste and *vertu*. He threw himself indolently upon a sofa, and looked carelessly about him, until the door opened, and a lady came in, who dropped him a low and graceful courtesy, but did not offer to give him her hand.

"Annette!" he cried.

"Miss Clayton, except to my intimate friends, Mr. Gerard Dalton," she replied, coldly. She was a beautiful little creature, with the rich complexion and glorious eyes which bespoke her Creole blood, dressed tastefully but without display. The only ornament she wore was a diamond brooch at the throat.

"Is this the way you use me, after weeks of absence, Annette?"

"I treat you as you deserve," replied Annette. "You come to me wearing the uniform of the men who are seeking, with bloody hands, to crush out the liberties of a free people. My family always have been loyal to constituted authority, but I should blush for the man among them who would not take up the sword when his own rights and liberties are assailed."

"But I had your promise, Annette," cried Gerard. "Long ago, before this wicked rebellion began, you promised to be my wife."

"I promised to be the wife of a true-hearted Carolinian, not the man who is in the pay of the oppressors of my country."

"How could I do otherwise, Annette? Think it over. All I possessed was in such a position that I must lose all if I took the side of the Colonies. My sympathies, my interests, every thing were upon the side of the king. Would you have me false to my own self?"

"You have made your own election, and must take the consequences. I can not marry a man who fights on the side of the oppressor."

"You will drive me mad. Listen to me, Annette. I love you dearly. Every pulse of my heart, every aspiration of my soul, is for you. I would give you tenderly to the end of life and be to you a true husband, if you will consent to change your decision."

"No, Gerard; I loved you once, but my idol is shattered, and I could never feel for you as I once did. Let all be at an end, between us forever. As the son of my father's dearest friend, you are welcome, and the house is at your disposal, but you must not speak of love; it is useless."

"This is your unalterable decision?"

"It is."

"I did not come here unprepared, Annette Clayton. A week ago it was whispered in Charleston that you had forgotten me, and had another lover. I could not quite believe you false, but now I know that Rumor did not lie."

"Sir!" she began, in an angry tone, moving away from him. She did not proceed,

for there came a tap at the door, and a negro girl entered.

"What is it, Rachel?" she said.

"Mr. Phillip Warrington wishes to pay his respects."

"Warrington," muttered Gerard. "That is the very man. A moment, Annette. Ask Rachel to show Mr. Warrington into the other parlor, and I promise you not to say any thing to offend you."

Annette made a sign to Rachel, and she disappeared.

"I beg your pardon," said Gerard, humbly.

"I have done wrong, and my sin has this atonement, that, by my own rash act, I have lost the only woman I have ever loved or ever can love. Forgive the mad words of one who will never again offend you, and I will not spare you."

"I pray you, for your own sake, to think twice. Will you set Mr. Warrington at liberty?"

"I hope I am not such a fool. No! He shall feel what it is to come in my way, the long Whig!"

"Mercy is thrown away upon you since you will not do justice yourself. I will be the one to free Phillip from captivity, or at least insure his good treatment."

"You; ha! ha! ha!"

"You doubt my power, then. The time has come!"

The words appeared to be a signal, and the man who had first met him sprung in, and set his back against the door. At the same moment, half a dozen hardy Whigs poured in at the back of the building, and after an ineffectual struggle, the Tory was captured. They all wore the dress of Sumter's corps.

"Trapped!" the Tory hissed. "Oh, you false traitress!"

"Keep him a moment, gentlemen. You will be removed to the camp of Sumter, there to remain until such a time as Tarleton may see fit to set Phillip Warrington at liberty, in exchange for yourself, and you are to be treated in every respect as he is. Away with him, good friends!"

The crestfallen Tory was carried away, and Annette returned to the plantation. A week after this, Tarleton's corps, in which Dalton was a lieutenant, moved up the valley in pursuit of Sumter. The "Gone Cock" having an inadequate force, refused to meet the Briton, and easily eluded

death, unless you reconsider your determination to cast me off."

"Do you mean that?"

"Precisely."

"You waylaid a guest of mine, whose hand you had taken in friendship that very day, and consigned him to a hopeless captivity."

"I did," he cried, vindictively.

"And you will ill-treat him if I do not promise to become your wife?"

"I will. I have more power than you think. For, girl, when you insult me, cast me off, because I did my duty to my king, you were guilty of a wicked and foolish act. Your punishment is begun, and I will not spare you."

"I pray you, for your own sake, to think twice. Will you set Mr. Warrington at liberty?"

"I hope I am not such a fool. No! He shall feel what it is to come in my way, the long Whig!"

"Mercy is thrown away upon you since you will not do justice yourself. I will be the one to free Phillip from captivity, or at least insure his good treatment."

"You; ha! ha! ha!"

"You doubt my power, then. The time has come!"

The words appeared to be a signal, and the man who had first met him sprung in, and set his back against the door. At the same moment, half a dozen hardy Whigs poured in at the back of the building, and after an ineffectual struggle, the Tory was captured. They all wore the dress of Sumter's corps.

"Trapped!" the Tory hissed. "Oh, you false traitress!"

"Keep him a moment, gentlemen. You will be removed to the camp of Sumter, there to remain until such a time as Tarleton may see fit to set Phillip Warrington at liberty, in exchange for yourself, and you are to be treated in every respect as he is. Away with him, good friends!"

The crestfallen Tory was carried away, and Annette returned to the plantation. A week after this, Tarleton's corps, in which Dalton was a lieutenant, moved up the valley in pursuit of Sumter. The "Gone Cock" having an inadequate force, refused to meet the Briton, and easily eluded

neglected to take into consideration the fact that, on such occasions, this pass was always guarded.

The village lay in a valley upon the northern side of the range, and was inclosed, or nearly so, by a dense forest of pine and chapparal, into which the inhabitants would flee at the first alarm, taking their captives with them, and thus defeat the object of the expedition. The main body of the picket occupied the summit of the cliffs that walled the canon, while one of their number kept watch at the entrance.

Should this one give the alarm, it would be caught up by those above, and by them signaled to the inhabitants of the village.

Hence it became necessary to pass this sentinel, or else make a *detour* of more than forty miles, and that with the chance of running into some one of the hunting parties.

We had approached the canon under cover of a belt of timber, and there halted to consider the means of getting rid of this serious obstacle.

Between us and the canon lay an open strip of prairie, without brush or brake to afford cover in approaching, perfectly level, and running clear up to the base of the cliffs; but just in front of the chasm there grew an immense live-oak, its gnarled and twisted branches reaching far out upon every side, perfectly straight, until, by their own weight, the extremities slightly drooped toward the earth; and perhaps this might be made available.

Such, at least, seemed to be Old Joe's idea, as was indicated by the question he put to the Mexican *vagabundo*.

"Do 'ee see that tree, Pedro?" he asked, pointing to the oak.

"Si," was the concise reply.

"Yes, I reckon. Well, do 'ee think es how yur could handle that lariat up 'mong their limbs?" again asked the trapper.

For an instant the *vagabundo* paused, and then, as though he had caught the trapper's meaning, he quickly answered:

"Yes! Yes! I see. You mean so?" and the Mexican held the lasso aloft and permitted the loop to drop directly downward.

"You've guessed it, Mexy, by jingo!" exclaimed the trapper; "but do 'ee think yur kin drap the ring squar' over the nigger's top-knot?"

Receiving the assurance that the thing could be done, the two set about carrying the project into effect.

As yet I did not see the manner in which

still no sound has been heard, nor motion made, that would indicate their presence there. But suddenly the silence is broken by a strange, wild cry, not loud, but singularly distinct and prolonged.

We all recognize the sound. It is that made by the Mountain Cat, and it came from the foliage of the oak.

"That's his game, is it?" exclaimed Hays, with a hearty laugh. "Well, he'll play it to win; see if he don't."

As the cry of the wild-cat was heard, the Indian sentinel was seen to spring to his feet, and gaze intently in the direction of the tree.

Again it swelled forth—low, plaintive, child-like—and the savage, dropping his long lance, springs forward, seizes his bow, and begins stringing it, at the same time advancing towards the oak.

The other Indians have likewise heard the cry, and two or three of them are seen upon the edge of the cliff, watching their companion's movements.

Advancing slowly, the Blackfoot gradually circles about the tree, striving to pierce the thick foliage for a sight of the game, and in this manner passes beneath the overhanging arms, and is lost to view of those above. But to us in the chapparal he is yet visible. Step by step the keen-eyed savage passes back and forth, the string on the arrow's notch and the bow half bent.

Suddenly he is seen to pause; the weapon is lifted with a quick motion; another second and the shaft will have sped, when, quick as thought, a dark coil leaps downward, the loop settles fairly, and the savage is jerked from his feet, and held struggling in the air.

So quickly was the feat performed, we could scarcely believe our own senses; but a moment later the figure of old Joe, sliding down the trunk, knife in hand, disengaged the spell of astonishment.

With a swift, strong blow he drove the blade into the struggling wretch's side, and gently eased the body to the earth.

We saw him hastily stripping it, then threw off his own outer garments and don the picturesque costume of the savage.

From the latter's pouch he procured the red and yellow pigments, rapidly applied them, and less than five minutes after the false Indian disappeared beneath the tree the false one strode up in full view of his comrades upon the cliff, replied to their calls by a simple motion of the head, and coolly took his seat in the mouth of the canon, to all appearances the vigilant sentry the other had been.

"By \_\_\_\_\_, that was splendid!" exclaimed Hays, in a manner that told his earnestness, and the assertion was echoed all down the line in various expressive words.

Night came rapidly down, and when it had grown to an almost pitchy darkness, our band stood forth, leaving the horses in charge, and reached the mouth of the canon undetected.

Our watchful sentinel was on post, but passed us in without a challenge.

Through the rugged passage, out upon the plain beyond, and around the village we crept without alarm, and when the cordon had been drawn close in, the charge was sounded. I need only add that the expedition was an entire success, owing to *Old Joe's Stratagem*.

## Beat Time's Notes.

I BEG to offer the following remarkable cases in behalf of Dr. Killamquick's "Sure Shot for everything."

While I was in the army, my eyes got to running; the disease ran on until it got into my feet, and the worst of it was they never ran in the right direction. I was very far gone, especially when a battle was imminent, and a whole squad of men was necessary to recover me. One bottle got me along so well that I soon got my discharge. They hated so to see me go that they formed a procession in my favor which I headed myself, and we marched all around the camp, the drummers being just behind me. They cut all the buttons off my coat for keepsakes, and also my shoulder-straps, so I wouldn't be strapped on leaving. The colonel made a little speech, to which I hadn't words to reply, and I left regretfully.

Once I had the sore throat in my heel, and had my nose injured at the toe, and one of my ears pained me terribly on the arm, but a piece of the cork, which I happened to swallow in a hurry, entirely relieved me.

I got a bad fit—of pants—and by sleeping in an attic room, I got a room-atic affection in the spine of my back, and a cold was awfully unsettled on my lungs, while it was very difficult for me to cough. One bottle made me cough with a great deal of facility, and restored me to my family.

A young friend of mine got very ill; he wasn't doing well at all; and was finally confined to his room—in jail—two months.

Could they pass the first third of the distance, they would be safe from view of those upon the cliff. The dense foliage of the oak would then be between them and their enemies. After that, by placing the huge trunk in a line with the watcher below, they could advance in security.

The dangerous part has been passed in safety, and now the trapper rises upon his hands and knees, and in this manner, closely followed by the *vagabundo*, he advances more rapidly.

In five minutes they reach the foot of the rugged trunk, and, rising, stand close against the trunk.

The trapper is seen to ascend first, reach down and take the lasso, and then the Mexican draws himself upward, and both are lost to sight amid the thick foliage overhead.

Nothing remains for us to do, but to wait and watch.

We all know the extraordinary skill, the boundless resource of Old Joe, and feel assured that his mission will not fail. So great is the confidence that I see on every side—the rangers looking to their arms, that they may be in readiness, while some have gone back into the chapparal to mount, or coil the lasso by which their horses have been fastened.

They know the road will be open in a few moments more.